

# The Sketch

No. 898.—Vol. LXX.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON: THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH HIS SON AND HEIR, PRINCE EDWARD, AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales became a Naval Cadet in 1877; Prince Edward of Wales and his brother Prince Albert are both Naval Cadets at the present time. There are rumours that Prince Edward will eventually abandon the Navy for the Army. Rumour so often lies, however, when Royalty are in question that it is impossible to say whether there is any likelihood of this or not. The Prince of Wales himself entered the Navy as a Midshipman in 1880; became sub-Lieutenant in 1884, and Lieutenant in the year following; Commander in 1891; Captain in 1893; Rear-Admiral in 1901; Vice-Admiral in 1903; and Admiral in 1907. He is a personal naval A.D.C. to the King, as he was to Queen Victoria.

*Photograph by Dinham and Sons.*





# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

## "How to Enjoy Old Age."

Signs of the times. I have been reading with avidity a little book entitled, "How to Enjoy Old Age," or something to that effect. It is not a new book. It was published at least ten years ago; I came across a copy, by accident, on my shelves. The author, a doctor, was eighty at the time he wrote the book. Ten years ago people thought themselves old at eighty. To-day, if the author of "How to Enjoy Old Age" is still alive—and I am sure he deserves to be—he probably considers himself a comparatively young man. He takes a pessimistic note in his preface. "It is doubtful," he begins, "whether the attainment of extreme old age is desirable or not. . . . An old man can hardly expect to make new friends. He does not care to associate with old people, and young people are not fond of associating with him." I should like to say, in passing, that this depends very much on the old man himself. If he is given to snarling, and snuffling, and snorting, and snubbing, he can hardly expect young men to wrench themselves away from their lady loves in order to luxuriate in his fascinating society. On the other hand, one knows old men who can hold a circle of young men charmed and interested for hours. These are the old men who have much that is delightful to tell, and have the right way of telling it.

## The Cataleptic Cyclist.

I am afraid our author is a rather bigoted old man, and one inclined to indulge in the saying of unkind things. One gathers that he does not play chess. "Many zealous chess-players," he writes, "die young or end their lives in lunatic asylums." That sort of remark, if repeated with persistence, is not calculated to make him over-popular in the chess-room at his club. He believes strongly in rowing, but hastens to add—"Elderly gentlemen and ladies will not, of course, attempt to row races." The picture is a pretty one. Naturally, he loathes cycling. I am quite sure that he never cycled. If he had, he could not have said—"It gives much fresh air and sunlight, and the agreeable sight of fair country scenes, *if the rider is not too much concerned with keeping his seat on his perilous perch.*" The dear old gentleman is evidently under the impression that the cyclist is actively engaged in balancing himself all the time. Here is more internal evidence bearing on the same point: "The legs alone are in active movement, but the arms and trunk are doing nothing; they are in a state of cataleptic rigidity." I wonder what would happen to the unfortunate cyclist who kept his arms and trunk in a state of "cataleptic rigidity"?

## Making 'Em Skip.

Our friend is a little in danger, every now and then, of contradicting himself. Compare the following passages: (1) "The minimum of exercise for an old person should be the morning dumb-bells, a brisk walk, and a turn at golf, bowls, quoits, archery, or other recreation as opportunity may offer. (2) As a rule, athletes are not usually long-lived." I ask you, would not a gentleman eighty years of age who began the day with dumb-bells, then turned out for a brisk walk before breakfast, played a round or two of golf before lunch, had a game of bowls after lunch, a game of quoits after tea, followed by a little archery and lawn-tennis, let us say, in the cool of the evening be fairly entitled to look upon himself as an athlete? Even the nicest old gentleman, I fancy, would have a good deal to say about his athletic prowess if he got through that programme daily.

## Whitewashing Nebuchadnezzar.

On the subject of clothing, my old friend is not always quotable in a family journal. On the whole, however, he has the nicest things to say of the shoe-maker: "He has decreed that nature is altogether

wrong in making the front termination of the foot form, by means of the three first toes, a side of a right angle with the inner side of the foot, whereas it ought, according to him, to have a pointed shape. So he carries his idea into execution by making his victims wear a contrivance that forces the big toe out of its position and compels it to move towards the centre of the foot's end. To do this the big toe is partially dislocated at its first or metacarpal joint, and the two next toes are either crushed together, or the point of the big toe overrides one or both of them." So that your shoemaker, you see, deliberately spoils your chances of living to be a genial old gentleman of eighty. As a sober fact, I suppose there is a good deal of truth in this. A man who possesses a really comfortable pair of boots or shoes is a man in a thousand, and should hold himself favoured of the gods. By "really comfortable," I mean a pair of boots in which he can run, jump, skip, and, if necessary, dance and sleep. I am quite in sympathy with Nebuchadnezzar on this subject, although I was taught to dislike him in early youth

## The Perfect Bedside Manner.

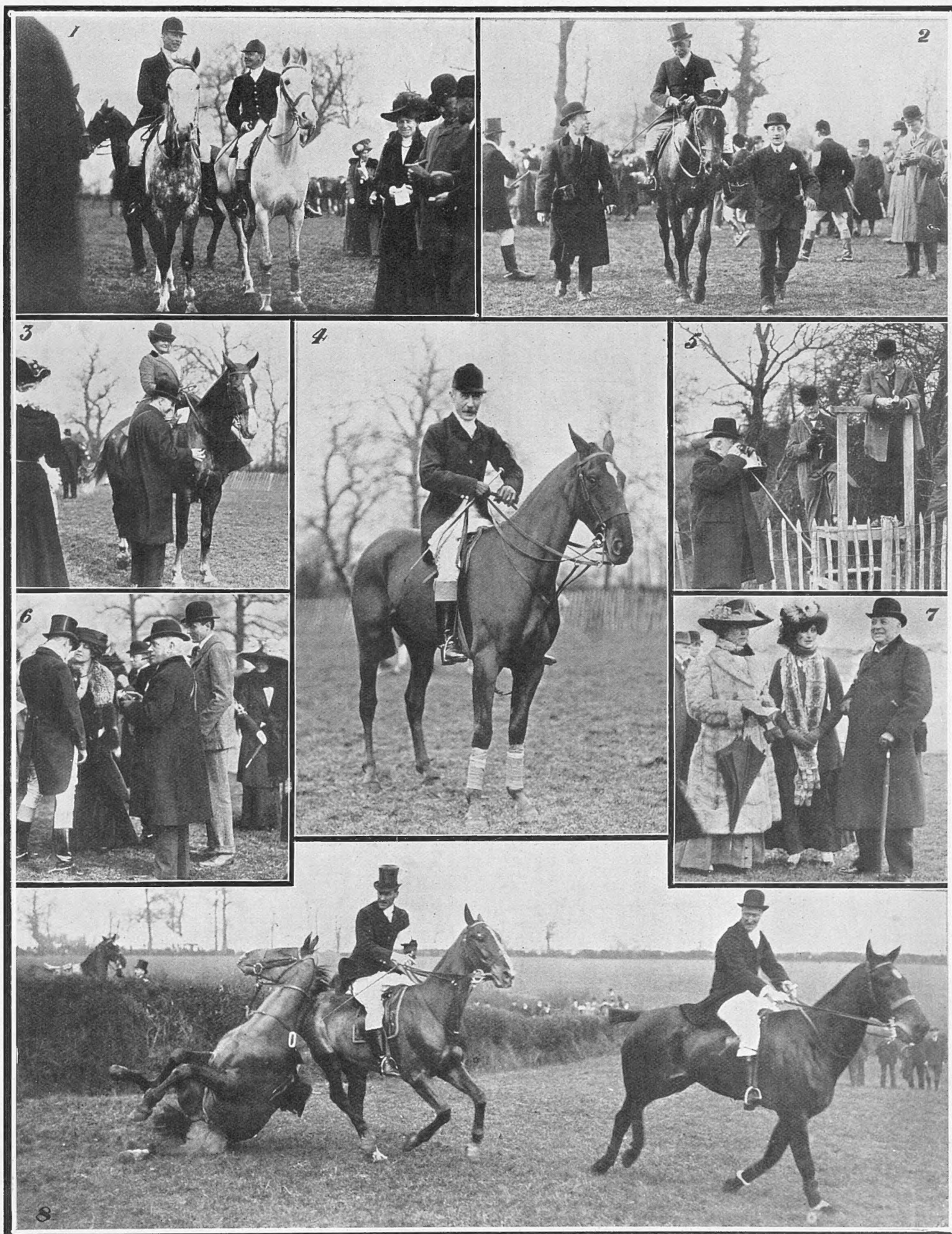
Do you not begin to realise that my octogenarian friend is something of a marvel? No subject comes amiss to him. He meets it smilingly, handles it delicately, and leaves it trippingly. He must even touch on the question of "make-up" for women: "Perfumes and paints are still employed to a considerable extent by women, under the mistaken idea that they thereby increase their charms. When the complexion is bad the temptation to change it by artificial means seems to be irresistible to some women, but few of them have acquired the *ars celare artem*, so their attempts to improve on nature seldom prove successful, and are apt to provoke ridicule." What a charming bedside manner he must have possessed! "My dear Madam," I seem to hear him saying, "you may deceive your husband and your children with these vapourings and whimsies, but they leave me quite cold. You are a fraud, my dear Madam! More than that, you are a selfish creature! You know perfectly well that your household is in a terrible state of disorder, that your husband cannot eat the wretched food that is being brought to the table, that the children are crying, that the maids are neglecting their work to flirt with the young tradesmen; and yet there you lie, sniffing at those foolish smelling-salts, and weeping for sheer self-pity! Shame on you, Madam! Let's have an end to 't!"

"Haec olim. . ." I trust that you thoroughly understand by this time, friend the reader, how to enjoy old age. It seems almost impossible that you should require any further hint. Beneficence and contentment with things and people in general radiate from every line that I have quoted. In case there is somebody still unsatisfied, however, let me take a jolly little passage from the chapter on food. "I have known one man who could not eat beef without a feeling of intoxication; another who could not eat the smallest quantity of white fish without being immediately attacked by nettlerash of the severest description, which spread to his mouth and throat, and caused a fit of suffocation. Honey I have known to cause a disagreeable itching irruption." Joy unalloyed! What fun to invite these miserable wretches to a banquet of white fish, beef, and honey! Imagine the pleasure of seeing a man get drunk on a slice of cold beef! One half of the world, you see, does not know in the least how the other half amuses itself. Never again, I trust, will you be overheard saying that you have no desire to live to be very old. As my old friend so well observes: "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" And again: "*Non inutilis vixi!*" I should think not, indeed!



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS RACE AND THE BAR POINT-TO-POINTS.

INCIDENTS OF THE MEETING AT GARDNER'S FARM, EPPING; AND SOME PERSONALITIES.



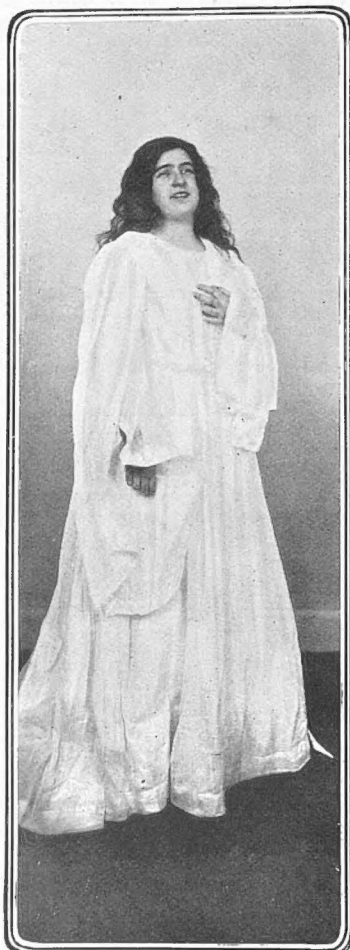
1. THE FIRST OF THE HEAVY-WEIGHTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS RACE: MR. G. R. LANE-FOX, M.P., ON WOOD PIGEON (LEFT), WITH SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, M.P., ONE OF THE LIGHT-WEIGHTS, ON DYNAMITE.
2. THE FIRST OF THE LIGHT-WEIGHTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS RACE: COLONEL W. HALL-WALKER, M.P., ON BUTTERCUP, RETURNING TO SCALE.
3. LADY WARWICK IN THE PADDOCK.

4. THE LATE RT. HON. JAMES TOMKINSON, M.P., WHO MET WITH A FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS RACE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE RACE.
5. THE SPEAKER AND MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM (JUDGES).
6. LORD ROSEBURY AND LADY SYBIL GRANT.
7. LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, MRS. CREIGHTON, AND MISS DE TREFUSIS.
8. PUZZLE, FIND THE RIDER! A FALL IN THE BAR HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE.

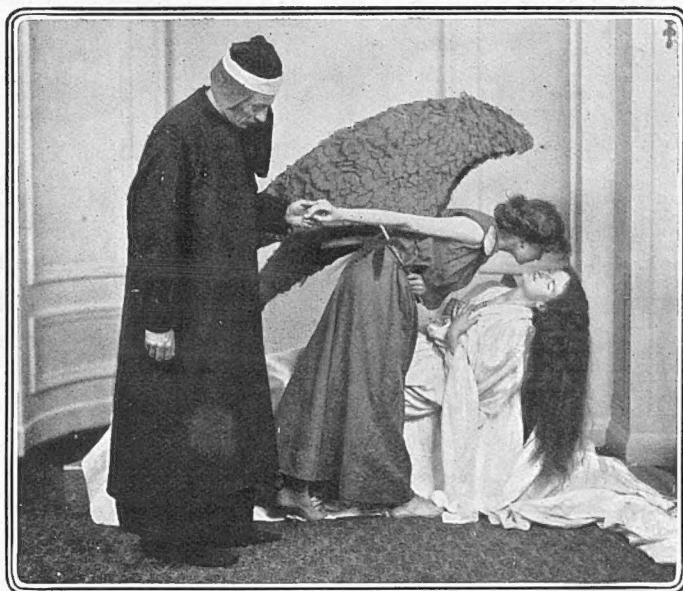
The Bar Point-to-Point Races and the House of Commons Race were held on Saturday last at Gardner's Farm, Epping, and were sadly marred by an accident to the Rt. Hon. James Tomkinson, Liberal Member for the Crewe Division of Cheshire, who was thrown in the House of Commons Race and so badly injured that he died on Sunday. Mr. Tomkinson, who was in his seventieth year, was among the light-weights, and rode his own May Day. His mare took off a good deal too soon two fences from the finish, hardly rose at the jump, pitched on her head, and shot her rider on to his head. While attempting to get up, Mr. Tomkinson was struck on the head by one of the horses immediately behind. The heavy-weight division and the light-weight division of the House of Commons Race rode together. The distance was between three and four miles, over a course of undulating grass land, with about a score of natural fences. With regard to the last photograph on this page, it will be noted that one stirrup is visible, and that the foot of the rider is seen leaving it.—[Seven Photographs by Sport and General.]



## THE POSES OF SOCIETY: LIVING PICTURES AT THE RITZ.



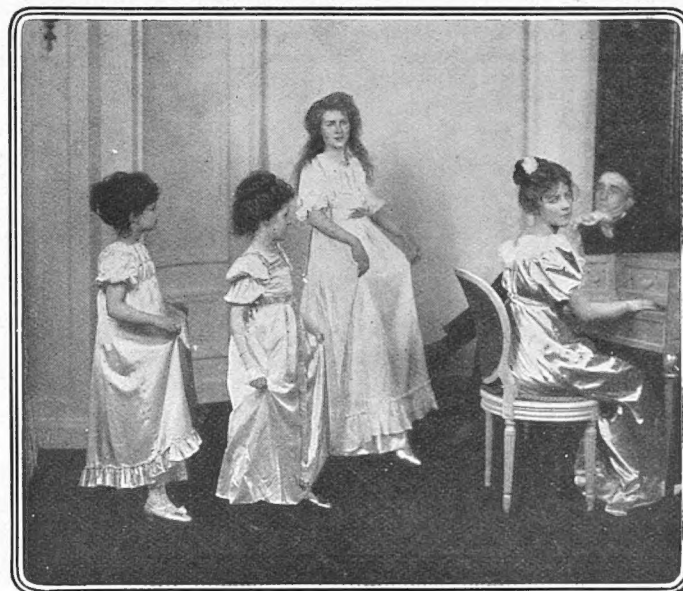
IN "THE KING'S DAUGHTER," BY HERBERT SCHMALZ: LADY TENTERDEN.



"DANTE'S DREAM," BY ROSSETTI: MR. SMALL, MISS BERYL FOSTER, AND MISS F. HERBERT.



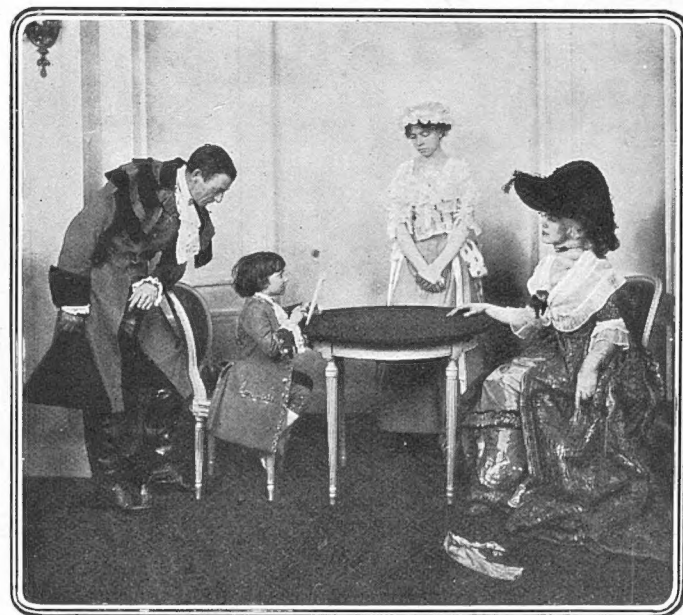
A QUEEN OF SORROWS—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: LADY MURIEL WATKINS.



"WHEN THE HEART WAS YOUNG," BY MAUD GOODMAN: MISS MARJORIE PLOWDEN, MISS RUTH ANDERSON, MISS DOYLE, MISS HUGHES, AND HERR WINDTHORST.



IN "ELAINE," AFTER BLAIR LEIGHTON: SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD AS KING ARTHUR.



"SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S FIRST PICTURE," BY E. M. DICKSEE: MR. SMALL, MASTER ALGY LEARMOUTH, MISS DOUGLAS DICK, AND MRS. NOBLE.

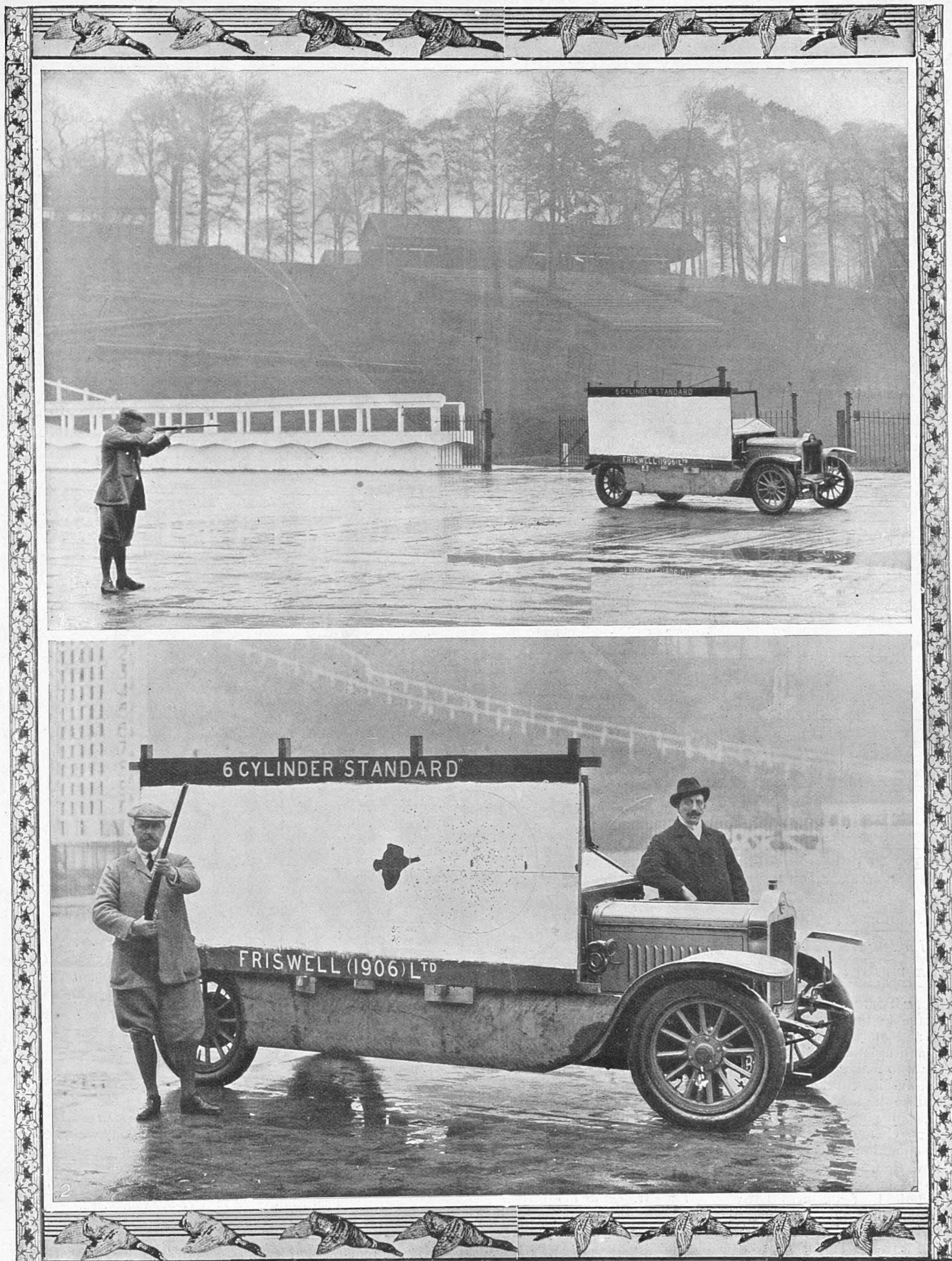


IN "THE KING'S DAUGHTER," BY HERBERT SCHMALZ: THE HON. MRS. R. ERSKINE.

The tableaux were given at the Ritz, in aid of the English branch of the International Catholic Society for Befriending Working Girls, and the Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society. Amongst those who posed, in addition to those whose photographs appear on this page, were the Hon. Mrs. Feilden, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Trevor, Lady Norah More, Lady Mary Pepys, the Hon. Frances Howard, Countess Blücher, the Comtesse Vandelin de Mnisch, the Baroness Hildegard von Hügel, and the Marchioness Townshend, who gave "Attitudes of Lady Hamilton."—[Photographs by Thomson and the Illustrations Bureau.]



# THE "STRINGING" QUESTION: A TARGET ON A MOTOR-CAR A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT AT BROOKLANDS.



1. PROVING THAT THE CHARGE FROM A CARTRIDGE FIRED AT A MOVING OBJECT DOES NOT "STRING": MR. WEBSTER WATTS FIRING AT THE MOVING MOTOR-CAR TARGET.

2. NOT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF "STRINGING": THE SPECIALLY FITTED CAR, SHOWING THE SHOT-MARKS ON THE IRON TARGET.

"Last week," writes our correspondent, "some interesting experiments were carried out at Brooklands track by Mr. Webster Watts, the well-known shot, apropos of the controversy as to whether the charge from a cartridge 'strings' when fired at a moving object—that is, whether the last shots, or the slower travelling shots, go off in a sugar-loaf pattern. Messrs. Friswell lent a six-cylinder Standard car (which ran at speeds of 30, 40, 50, and 60 miles an hour), the sides of which had a big iron target fixed thereto, as will be seen in the accompanying photographs. At a range of 30 to 40 yards, Mr. Watts fired, and no matter at what speed the car was travelling, there was not the slightest sign of 'stringing,' in each instance the shots making practically a circle, the reason being that a shot from a gun travels at anything over 500 miles an hour, whereas a driven partridge never, or very rarely, exceeds 40 miles an hour." Such a device might well be used for sportsmen desirous of practising shooting at the moving bird.—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]



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"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position. The booklet contains illustrations of some of the horses in training which are the property of Mr. D. M. Gant, whose connection with the Turf is not restricted to keeping its accounts. All business is treated confidentially by this firm, and cheques in payment of winnings do not bear the signature of Mr. Gant, so that the nature of the business does not of necessity transpire when these pass through other hands. Where the sportsman enters upon a flutter in connection with the Royal Sport it is well to act through an accredited firm, and the fact that Mr. D. M. Gant has been established for many years, and acquired a huge clientèle, while others have come and gone, and promises, like the brook, to—well—continue! is one that speaks for itself, and requires no comment.

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<b>MURRAY.</b> <b>Prairie, Snow, and Sea.</b> Lawrence Mott. 6s. <b>Drums of War.</b> H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s.	
<b>HEINEMANN.</b> <b>The Devourers.</b> A Vivanti Chartres. 6s. <b>The Dop Doctor.</b> Richard Dehan. 6s.	

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**TO ARTISTS.**—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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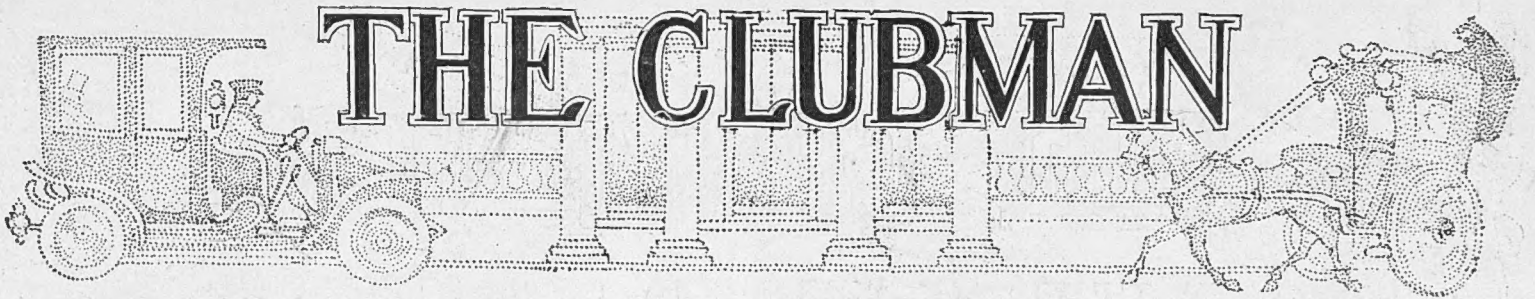
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### Our Much-Travelled Prince.

The *Balmoral Castle*, the great vessel in which the Prince of Wales is to make the voyage to the Cape, has almost accomplished her maiden voyage to Cape Town, and before long she will be once more in the hands of the decorators making the alterations necessary in the cabin accommodation. This journey to the Cape will be the third visit there of the heir to the throne, for he was there in 1880, in the *Bacchante*, and again in 1901; but South Africa in those days was a very different land from what it is now. In 1880 the Zulus were still a menace to Natal, and the Boers were about to regain their independence and to commence the Kruger era. There was no unity in South Africa in those days. The Cape and Natal and the Transvaal and the Orange River Free State and the Portuguese settlements all were at odds with each other, each one commercially trying to cut the throats of the others. In 1901 the Second Boer War had not yet been terminated, and De Wet was still at large, carrying on his harassing tactics, snapping up small British posts, and capturing convoys. Whether the new Parliament of all the South African Colonies will be a peaceable assemblage is doubtful, for race antagonism has as yet only been scotched. But it will begin its existence under the best of good auspices, and his Royal Highness will certainly give some good advice in one of those pleasant speeches, strongly informed with common-sense, in which he excels. He will not have to tell the Cape to wake up, as he told us here in Great Britain, for the Afrikaner is always very much awake—indeed, so much so that he often merits the Boer adjective of "slim."

**The Prince's Journeys.** It would be difficult with a map of the world before one to put one's finger on any spot where the British flag flies which the Prince has not visited. He has been six times to Canada, three times to India and Ceylon, and twice to Africa and Australia. Our newest dependencies in Africa, Uganda, British East Africa, and Nigeria have yet to be visited by the heir to the throne, but no doubt their turn will come. There is scarcely a capital in Europe which the Prince does not know well, though neither he nor the King has ever been to the Hague, and the ruler of Holland has not yet paid an official visit to England. Perhaps the Prince's visit to the Cape and the opening of the great Parliament may finally assuage any soreness which still exists between Holland and ourselves regarding the Dutch in South Africa.

**Public School Emigrants.** Other interesting travellers who are on the seas at the present time

are Dr. Gray, the Headmaster of Bradfield and a dozen Public School-boys, eight of whom come from Bradfield. I have before now written of Dr. Gray's scheme, which is to give the gentle-born youths with a first-class education the necessary training in Canada which will enable them to compete on equal terms in farming with

the men born on the soil or the sons of British farmers who have emigrated. The idea started by Dr. Gray is to be carried out on broadening lines by the Public Schools Immigration League, on the committee of which are the Headmasters of Eton and Westminster. South Africa is to be one of the Colonies to which Public School-boys are to be sent, and are to receive the necessary guidance from local committees when they arrive there. In no Colony in the world is guidance more necessary than in all the States of South Africa.

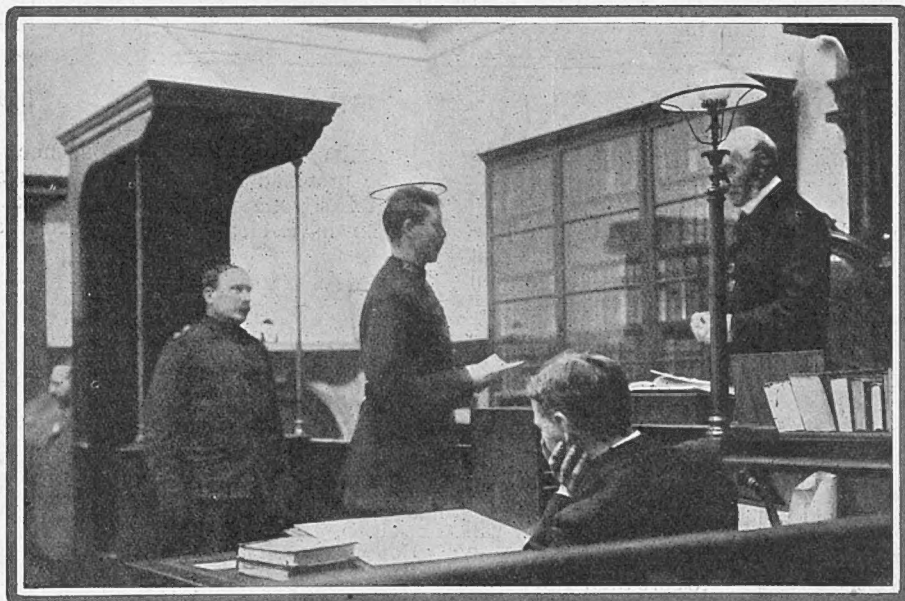
**The Newcomers.** Of the gentlemen emigrants who came out to South Africa during the years that I was serving there, very many were young men who were not steady enough to make a living at home, whose parents imagined that under new conditions they might do well in a Colony. They were pleasant young fellows, with very good clothes and a few hundred pounds in ready money, and they lingered for some pleasant weeks in Cape Town, leading a fair imitation of the lives they had lived in London. Most of them then went up the coast as far as Natal, intending to enlist in the police of that Colony, who, under Colonel Dartmell, were a fine body of men with plenty of independent work to do, and with a large sprinkling of gentlemen in the ranks; but at Pietermaritzburg they found that to be a gentleman with good manners

was not a sufficient recommendation to obtain the right to wear a uniform and carry a carbine. They then talked a good deal about going big-game hunting, or buying an up-country farm, but the

remittance expected from home seemed never to come, and the hotel-keepers at the capital gave them unmistakable notice that their room in the hotel was preferable to their company. I generally saw them next at some store on the veldt up country, selling blankets to the Kaffirs, and coffee and square-face to the Boers. They were rather ashamed to be found in shirt-sleeves behind a counter. But they still talked rather gloriously of what they were going to do when the long-deferred remittance arrived. Often they helped themselves too liberally to the square-face, and a little mound behind the store was their last resting-place. It is from a fate such as this that the Public School Immigration League is going to save the boys whom it sends out to the Colonies.



THE KAISER AS A SAINT (SPIRITUAL); THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS ST. DANIEL—A STATUE ON THE CATHEDRAL AT METZ.  
Photograph by Miss Munday.



DULY HALOED—BY CHANCE: CONSTABLE PATRICK DENIHAN, SHOWING THE SIGN OF SAINTHOOD GIVEN HIM BY THE RIM OF A LAMP.

The photograph presents a curious optical illusion, seeming to show Constable Denihan with a halo. The constable attended at Bow Street the other day to receive a cheque for £5 from the Commissioner of Police, in recognition of his bravery in rescuing a man from drowning in the Thames at Surbiton. Addressing him, Sir Albert de Rutzen said: "Constable Denihan, you are a remarkably brave man. I understand that you have received many offers of marriage. I do not wonder at it, and I cannot imagine any woman marrying a braver man." Constable Denihan, an Irishman, is twenty-six.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

BY WADHAM PEACOCK.

THE earliest known safety-pin was found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, and is held by imaginative persons to have belonged to Elektra. It now only remains for someone to discover the hat-pin of Clytemnestra, and the cast of Dr. Strauss's opera will be complete.



It may be, however, that Mycenæ, like Chicago, had a "hat-pin ordinance," and that even Clytemnestra was not allowed to go about with pins projecting more than half-an-inch from the crown of her hat. Moreover, it is credibly reported that when conducting an argument Clytemnestra preferred an axe to a hat-pin.

The Sultan, the Pope, and the Dalai Lama have all claimed to be the Special Ambassador of Heaven on Earth, but now that title has been conferred by an American lady on Mr. Rockefeller, of all extraordinary persons. Well, well, this was thought to be a title that even money could not buy.

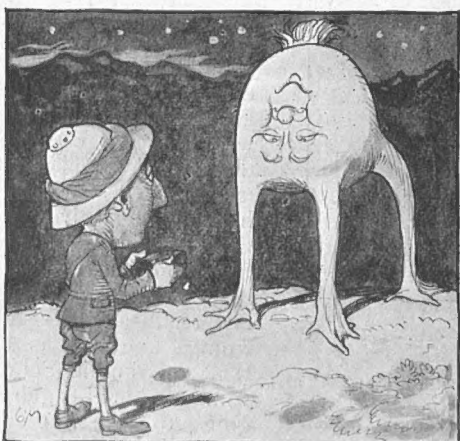
Professor Milne, the joyous seismologist, has discovered that the earth is a great deal more elastic than is commonly supposed. Another result of that interfering Rubber Boom.

This is not all that the Professor has in store for us. He says that when the tide rises the bottom of the sea is depressed, and the houses on the opposite shores bow to one another; lamp-posts come to attention and salute the rising sun, while cities bow their heads to the rising tides. This would be worth sitting up all night to see.

Latest Paris Fashions.—It is not correct to wear a flower in the buttonhole, as it might not harmonise with the complexion of one's fair neighbour. The truly gallant man will find out what is his neighbour's favourite complexion, and then buy a flower to match it.

More fashions.—The latest colour in Paris is called "Crue de la Seine." This is prettier than "mud-coloured," and is, moreover, a very pretty compliment to the recent floods.

Professor Lowell, who has taken the Martians under the protection of his telescope, says of them: "They are intelligent organisms, but not in the least like men." Is this a compliment, or an insult?

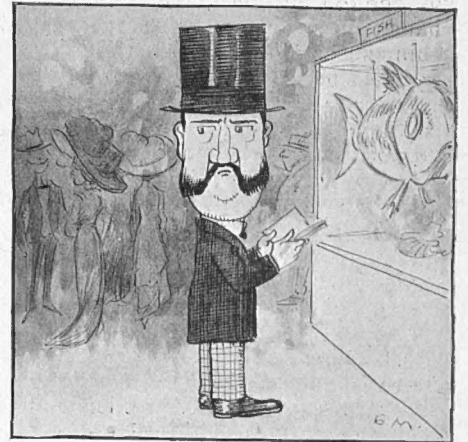


The London Education Committee has decided to teach boys to mend their own shoes. In about six months' time they will also have to teach them to cure their own corns.

"Daddyism" is Mr. Carnegie's word for fathers who leave their property to their sons. If Mr. Carnegie had

any sons, they would probably call his want of paternal feeling by another and less affectionate name.

The Prince of Monaco's Oceanographical Museum, or Palace of the Sea, is a most convenient building. It will now be possible for the most austere pew-opener to pay a visit to Monte Carlo with a clear conscience.



## FAKED FOOD.

(The Pure Food Exhibition, which will be held at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, at the end of May, is designed to initiate the public into the mysteries of food-faking.)

We live in a beautiful country,  
The land of ubiquitous fake,  
Where we placidly eat boric acid in meat,  
And plaster-of-Paris in cake,  
Our tea with injurious matter  
A healthy complexion assumes;  
While it's frequently said that they whiten our bread  
With peroxide of nitrogen fumes.  
Our coffee is made of burnt turnips,  
Or something more awful by far;  
And milk is supplied that's ingeniously dyed  
With an aniline extract of tar.  
Our jam's made of fruit that is rotten,  
And cabbage-stalks richly decayed;  
While a mess of glucose is what people suppose  
Is the purest and best marmalade.

Talking of peroxide, there is an idea going about that it is used to impart a golden tint to ladies' hair when Nature has omitted to do so. Can the confusion have arisen from the March Hare's conduct at the Mad Hatter's tea? Don't all shoot at once.



As a preliminary to the arrangements for taking the Census next year, a portion of the Registrar-General's staff have been moved from Somerset House to a corrugated-iron building behind the Tate Gallery. What have the poor fellows done?

Baths rivalling in magnificence those of ancient Rome are to be provided for the United States Senate. A great sigh of relief has gone up from America at learning that the Senators are to have clean bodies if they cannot all have clean hands.

## THE LAST OF THE PARISH PUMP.

(At Easter-time the Boy Scouts attacked an Essex village and captured the Parish Pump.)

"Tell you the story? Why, yes, Sir. For my memory's staunch and true For the gallant band of Boy Scouts and their deeds of derring-do. So I'll tell you in simple language, which will make your heartstrings thump, How we scouted an Essex village and captured the Parish Pump!"

[Forty-eight verses of this poem for recitation are omitted from considerations of space.]

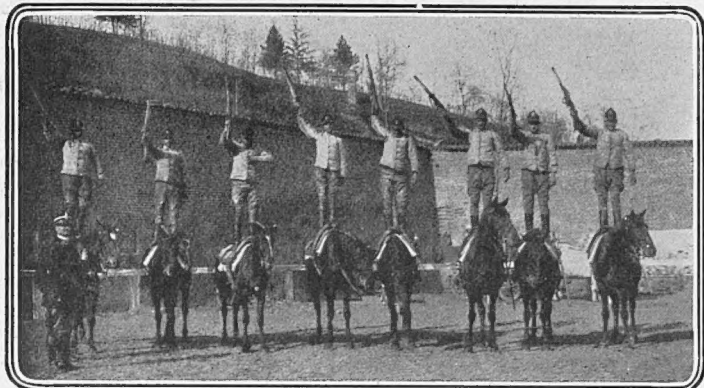
"And that's how we stalked the village in the year nineteen hundred and ten, A handful of gallant Boy Scouts attacking a score of men. And the Little Englanders suffered an unprecedented slump, For we looted their famous fetish—we captured the Parish Pump!"





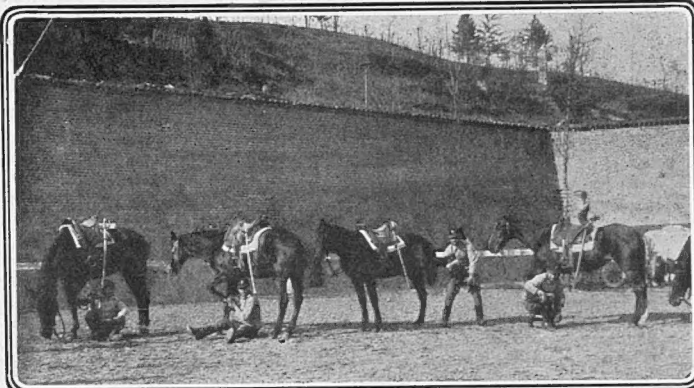


## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!

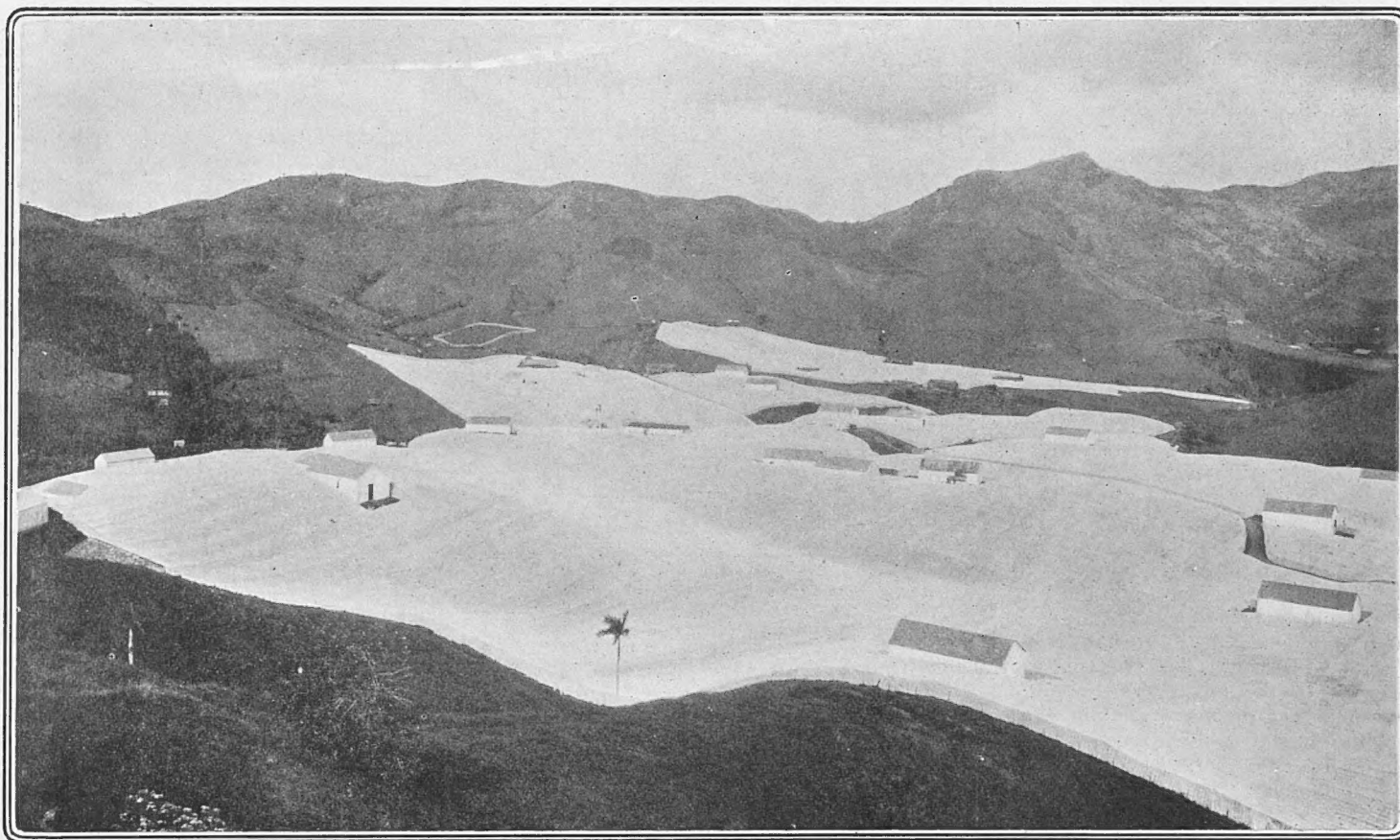


**SOOTHING THE SAVAGE "BEASTS":** MEN OF THE ITALIAN ARMY STANDING ON THE BACK OF TRAINED MAREMMANI AND FIRING.

Our illustrations show the training of savage, capricious horses, known as Maremmani, by the 1st Squadron of Cavalry (Savoy), which is stationed at Asti. After sixty days the beasts have lost their wildness and are so docile that their masters can fire off their guns while standing on their backs, or recline in proximity to their hoofs without fear of being kicked.—[Photographs by Trampus.]

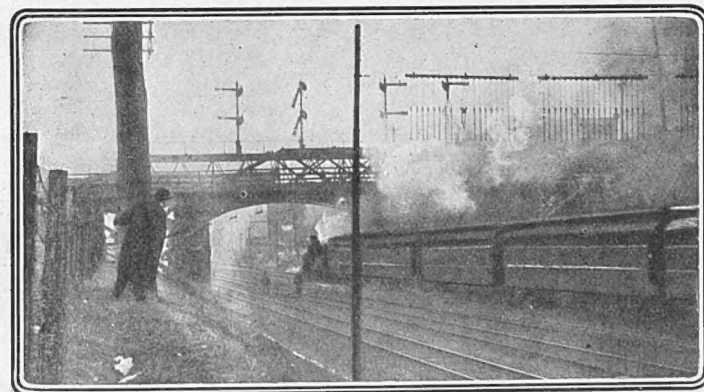


**THE WILD MADE TAME:** SAVAGE HORSES MADE SO DOCILE THAT THEIR MASTERS CAN SIT WITH SAFETY CLOSE TO THEIR HOOFES.



**THE FRAGRANT WEED GROWN UNDER CHEESE-CLOTH:** "PROTECTED" TOBACCO ON A PLANTATION IN THE ISLAND OF PORTO RICO.

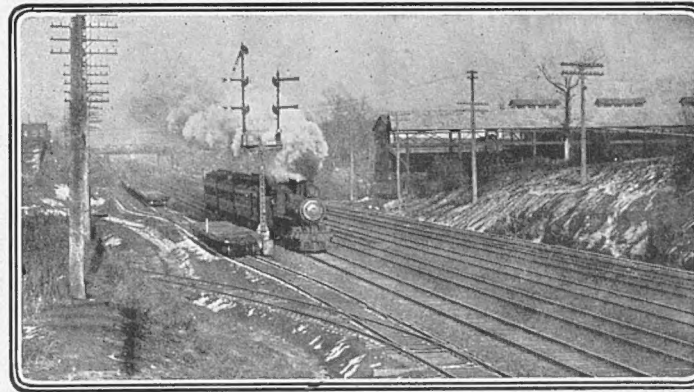
Hundreds of acres of tobacco are grown under cheese-cloth in Porto Rico. The view shows part of a plantation at La Plata, in the Cayey district.—[Photograph by A. Inkersley.]



**SPYING UPON ENGINE-DRIVERS:** THE "RAILROAD SPOTTER" AT WORK ON AN AMERICAN TRACK.

Our correspondent sent us the following note about this subject:—"Owing to the number of instances in which American locomotive engineers have 'taken a chance' with disastrous results, a new office has been created—that of railroad spotter. The business of the spotter is to patrol the tracks, keeping out of sight of the engine-man, and take notice of his actions when the signals are set. Some engineers will run past a signal that is set against them in order to avoid losing a few seconds of time, and, seeing that the track ahead is clear, will take it for granted that a glance back a little later will show that the signal is no longer against them. In order to prevent this laxity, the railroads have called into existence the spotter, who watches at the signal-stations and reports any running past on the part of the engineer."

*Photographs by the P.-F. Press Bureau.*



**AN ACTION IT IS THE BUSINESS OF THE "SPOTTER" TO REPORT:** A TRAIN PASSING SIGNALS THAT ARE AGAINST IT.



# SMALL TALK

IF there was one man who was pleased more than another at the reported discovery of the signature on the Rokeby "Venus," it is Sir William Blake Richmond. From the first, both in public and private, he has had the courage of his opinion that Velasquez never put his hand to the canvas. Sir William—who, in cape and broad-brimmed-hat, can claim to look more like a genuine Old Master than any of his fellow-Academicians—has lately been lecturing the Royal Academy students, and not a few outsiders have also crept in to hear him, drawn by the sincerity and fearlessness of his criticism. Most Englishmen are content to complain of the little cloud of smoke that hangs over Florence; Sir William is not afraid to tilt at the million chimneys of London, and when he has corrected some minor artistic evils of the day, such as

inaccurate attributions, he really means to make this a clean city. Living in Hammersmith, with the east winds carrying all London's smoke past his windows, he cannot be said to be ignorant of the immensity of his task.

In Sir Charles Holroyd, himself an etcher and exhibitor at the R.A., the Trustees of the National Gallery have a director with whom they are in complete sympathy. Few directors

WELL KNOWN IN HIGH SOCIETY: MRS. ALSTON, OF THE TOFTE, SHARNBROOK. Both Mrs. Alston's husband (eldest son of the late Sir Francis Alston) and her little girl are godchildren of the Queen.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

have been so popular, and few have passed such eventful years in office or entered into the adventures of picture-keeping with the same zest. Sir Charles spends all his time in the galleries, and may be easily known, as he conducts distinguished visitors from one canvas to another, by his youth, his size, his easy manner, the respect of the attendants, the unconventional cut of his coat, and the tilt of the hat that he always wears, although he is under, in a sense, his own roof—or skylight.

*Mr. Gosse.* Mr. Gosse does not often dabble in paint, but he has been persistent in giving the Rokeby "Venus" a bad name, and if he establishes his reputation as an art-critic, it may be at her expense. Perhaps he has a new career before him in Trafalgar Square, when the Library of the House of Lords is buried under the wreck of the hereditary principle. Mr. Gosse has made many friends, during his six years' librarianship, among his readers, or, at least, among those who have visited the Library for a little gossip—and stayed for a little Gosse.

*The Green Swallow.* A poet of some distinction and many volumes, Mr. Gosse is also something of a table-talker, and he is fresh from entertaining Lord Londonderry's large household in Ireland with brilliant conversation. Perhaps the most interesting of his literary achievements is his "Father and Son," a book treating of his relations with a parent who was first of all a natural historian. The beginnings of that relationship are quaintly recorded in the father's diary sixty-one

years ago: "E. delivered of a son. Received a green swallow from Jamaica."



WELL KNOWN AS A GROWER OF ORCHIDS: MRS. SACHEVERELL BATEMAN.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE THIRD BARON KILMAINE: MISS CLEMENTINA BROWNE.

Miss Clementina Bethia Evelyn Browne is a daughter of the late Hon. Arthur Henry Browne (sixth son of the third Baron Kilmaine), who died two years ago. She was born in 1889.

Photograph by Thomson.



ENGAGED TO MR. LESLIE G. ARNOTT JOHNSON: MISS HILDA ECKSTEIN.

Miss Eckstein is the eldest daughter of the late Hermann Eckstein and of Mrs. Cobbold, of Shabden Park, Chipstead, Surrey. Mr. Johnson, of Laragh House, Bandon, Co. Cork, is the eldest son of the late Captain W. Johnson, of Oddington, Moreton-in-Marsh, and grandson of the late Sir John Arnott, Bt. [Photograph by Esme Coltings.]

*April Shivers.* Even the well-defended form of Mr. Roosevelt was seen to shiver in the cold winds of Genoa when he passed through on his eventful visit to Rome. And now a letter tells me that it is "a sunless city, bleak after five days of wet and cold, and with no apparent prospect of change." The Genoese may well be ashamed if warmth does not arrive before Queen Alexandra. She will not, however, tarry in the town, even if it is radiant with sunshine, as it was never her intention to do more than make it a point of departure for the Mediterranean cruise. She will not fail, however, to hear of the discoveries that are absorbing the citizens, a series of Gothic doorways and other carvings having been dug out, from behind the charmingly characteristic red-brick and distemper that provide the prevalent colour of the place.

*Home Again!* The departure of Lord and Lady Gladstone spells the return of Lord and Lady Selborne. Their home-coming in June will be closely followed by the marriage of their son, Lord Wolmer, with Miss Grace Ridley, who is also, at the moment, in South Africa. Lord Wolmer will make a young bridegroom; he celebrates his twenty-third birthday on Friday.

*H.M.S. "Colossus."* On Saturday Lady Colebrooke, looking as handsome as the handsome daughter she lately launched into matrimony, attended the launching of H.M.S. *Colossus* at Greenock, and gave the new-born monster its name. London does not see as much of Lady Colebrooke—who is fonder, perhaps, of Paris—as it did before Stratford House passed into Lord Derby's hands. Lord Colebrooke, too, is less in town since the King provided him with a life residence at Windsor. Their daughter, it will be remembered, also received tokens of royal friendship on the occasion of her marriage with Mr. Edward Packe.

*The Cup-Winner.* Sir Walter Gilbey, try as he will, cannot rid himself of all personal possessions. After the auctioneers have been kept busy over several weeks with his house, his engravings, his chairs and tables and knives and forks, an inconsiderate horse insists on winning a cup for him at the King's Lynn Show. The irony of the thing is that it was a cup offered for competition by Sir Walter himself.

*The Claims of the Country.* As a matter of fact, there is still room at Elsenham Hall for trophies of success in a business so dear to Sir Walter as horse-breeding. In selling Cambridge House and its contents he was but emphasising his interest in the country and country life. His wish is to concentrate his energies on the Elsenham Hall estate, for he loves all rural concerns, from the care of a cart-horse to the manufacture of jam and lavender-water.



# "UNE BONNE RAQUETTE":

THE WIFE OF THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION OF FRANCE.



**M**ME. DECUGIS, the wife of M. Max Decugis, the lawn-tennis champion of France, is herself an enthusiastic and capable player, with a preference for the double, rather than the single, game. Her latest success was at the Easter International Tournament, held on the covered courts of the Tennis Club de Paris at Auteuil, where, in partnership with her husband, she carried off the Mixed Doubles Championship of France. Before this M. and Mme. Decugis played at most of the Riviera meetings, beginning with Monte Carlo, at the end of February, where they won the Mixed Doubles; while at Mentone, which followed, they reached the final of the same event, but then had to retire, owing to M. Decugis having sprained his leg. At Nice, Mme. Decugis played with Mr. S. N. Doust, the Australian, and at Cannes with the American, Mr. A. Holmes, with less success, though at Nice they had the satisfaction of seeing their conquerors go through to first place. M. Decugis' campaign in Singles on the Riviera was remarkable, for he was never beaten, in spite of Mr. Ritchie, the English crack, being "up against him." Two of their matches were not played out—one owing to M. Decugis' sprain, which compelled him to stop playing, whereupon Mr. Ritchie sportingly retired. In all the others, however, the Englishman had come off second best. At Auteuil, where naturally he is quite at home, M. Decugis' supremacy was equally pronounced, for he won all the three Covered Court Championships—the Singles, in which several of the best English players were competing; the Doubles, with M. Germot; and the mixed doubles (as already mentioned) with his wife. Unlike her, M. Decugis is much more formidable, as a rule, in singles than in doubles; but when playing with Madame he appears to be able to make a special exception in her favour—an ideal instance of true affinity.

FAMOUS AS A LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER:  
MME. MAX DECUGIS.



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

**L**ORD NORMANTON, who was so lately congratulated on the advent of a son, received his own birthday greetings on Saturday. Needless to say, his splendid estate of Somerley, in Hampshire, has never seemed so pleasant to him as at the present

the title, and both his children are girls, so that there is still a presumption that he will be succeeded by a cousin, he himself having held that relationship to the fifth Baron.

Over two years ago, King Alfonso's brother-in-



MRS. LOWRY COLE (FORMERLY MISS GRIZEL PRATT-BARLOW), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (THE 12TH.)

Mrs. Cole is the only daughter of the late Frederick Pratt-Barlow, and of Mrs. Pratt-Barlow, of 47, Ennismore Gardens.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



MARRIED TO MISS GRIZEL PRATT-BARLOW YESTERDAY (THE 12TH.): MR. LOWRY A. C. COLE.

Mr. Cole is the only son of the late Hon. Arthur E. C. Cole, and of Mrs. Cole, of Keswick Lodge, Norwich.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



TO MARRY MR. HAROLD BERESFORD BUTLER TO-MORROW (THE 14TH.): MISS OLIVE WATERS.

Miss Waters is the youngest daughter of Mr. S. A. Walker-Waters, J.P., late Assistant-Inspector-General, Royal Irish Constabulary.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY MISS OLIVE WATERS TO-MORROW (THE 14TH.): MR. HAROLD BERESFORD BUTLER.

Mr. Butler, a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, is the elder son of Mr. A. J. Butler, D.Litt.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

pleased to tell you of the safe arrival of another Agar," was the message, sent over a very indistinct and disjointed telephone to a person awaiting news of the event. "What, hullo, what?" queried the listener, thinking of Lord Normanton's daughters. "What's that? Arrival of another, a girl—a girl! I say, are you there?"

Somerley, with its great acreage, its pleasant tenantry, its picture-gallery, its associations, and a thousand other attractions, is not a place to live out of for long, but Lord and Lady Normanton will be in Grosvenor Gardens for the greater part of the season. At Somerley they have entertained the King and the Kaiser, as well as Queen Alexandra, to whom Lady Normanton can claim relationship and a certain likeness. A cedar, planted by his own hand, commemorates King Edward's last visit to what was then the House of the Seven Girls.

moment, with his heir, the tiny Viscount Somerton, quite near at hand. His coming was not without its anxieties. "I am

law, Prince Charles Bourbon, married Princess Louise of Orleans at the little church of Wood Norton, on the Worcestershire estate of the Duke of Orleans. Since then, rural England has not

known the bustle of a royal foreign wedding in its midst. It is now announced, although not officially, that the marriage of Princess Clementine of Belgium and Prince Victor Napoleon will take place in August in this country—it is said from the house (once the property of Mr. Longman, the publisher) of the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough. This will make the second English Bonaparte wedding of the year, the other one having taken place the other day at Chiswick—that of Miss Gertrude Crowther to Mr. Napoleon G. Bonaparte-Wyse, a great-great-nephew of Napoleon.

*The Catch of the Season.* With the American woman's love of playthings, Mrs. Moore devised an elaborate toy for King Edward's visit to her villa at St. Jean-de-Luz. After luncheon, she provided her guests with rods, and set them angling for artificial fish in an artificial pond, each fish containing a present for its capturer. Here the fair fishers are taking themselves and the sport more seriously, Lady



CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD STIRLING AND THE HON. MARGARET FRASER, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (14TH).

Miss Fraser is the youngest but one of Lord Lovat's five sisters. She was born in 1831. Captain Stirling, of Keir, is the second son of the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell. The wedding is to take place from Beaufort Castle.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR REGINALD ASSHETON IREMONGER, R.E., ON FRIDAY (THE 15TH.): MISS GWENDOLINE M. FIRTH.

Photograph by Gubell.



TO MARRY MISS GWENDOLINE M. FIRTH ON FRIDAY (THE 15TH.): LIEUTENANT ARTHUR REGINALD ASSHETON IREMONGER, R.E.

Photograph by Russell.



MRS. MICHAEL BARNE (FORMERLY MISS GWENDOLINE MARJORIE GRAY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (THE 12TH).

Photograph by Lafayette.



MARRIED TO MISS GWENDOLINE MARJORIE GRAY YESTERDAY (THE 12TH.): MR. MICHAEL BARNE.

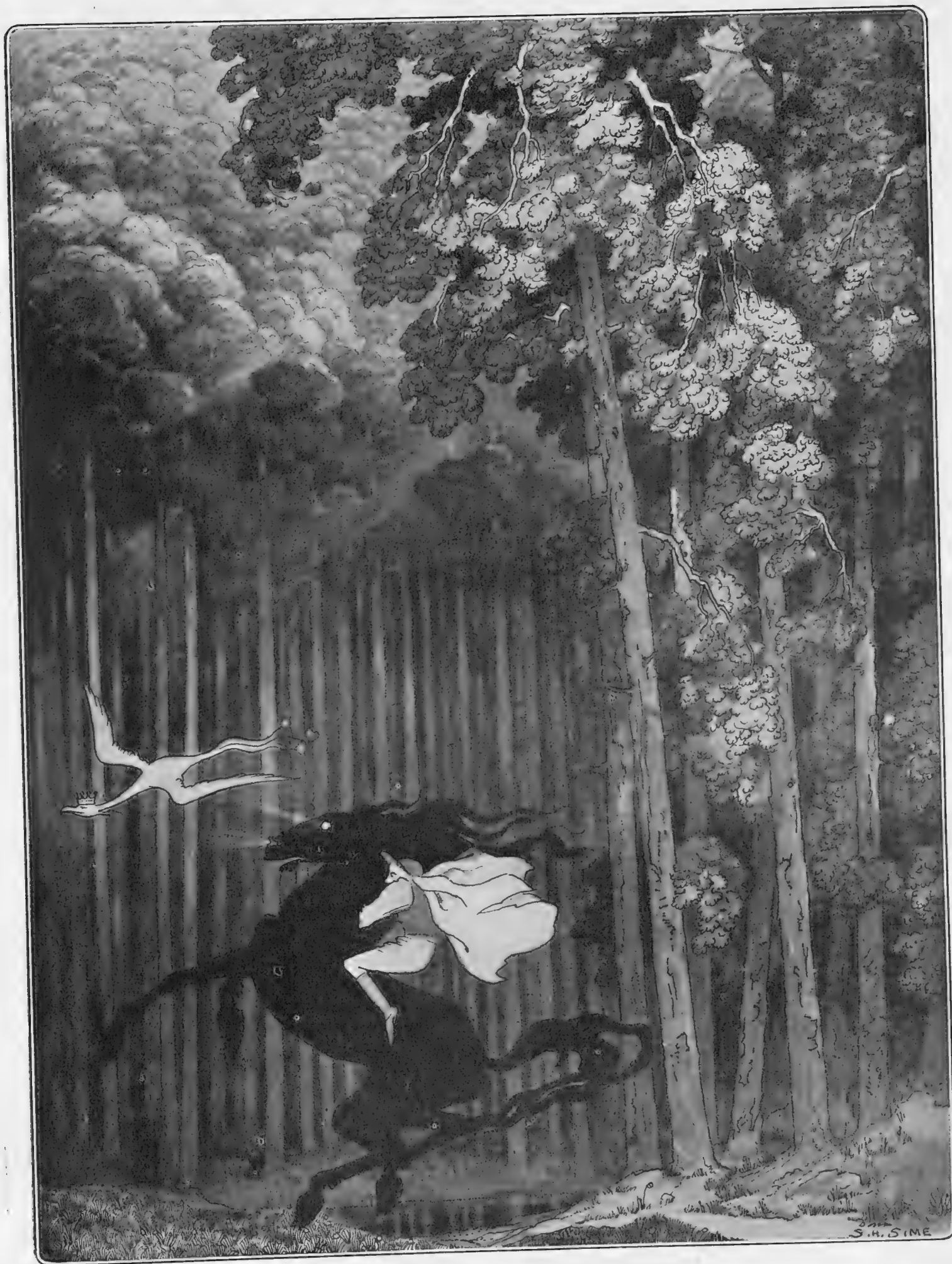
Photograph by Lafayette.

responsible for the curious fact that the barony of Hotham has never descended directly from father to son. The present Lord Hotham is the sixth holder of

Trotter's champion catch earlier in the year having given an impetus to their efforts. One day last week, the Duchess of Bedford landed 260 lb. of salmon—or eighteen fish—from the River Tay.



# The Auræ of the Drama.--By S. H. Sime.



## V.—"THE WHIP."

"This is not an actual scene from 'The Whip,' at Drury Lane; it merely shows Sportingcove mounted on Sensation in pursuit of the Oofgoose."

As each man is said to have his aura of coloured emanations, so it may be argued that each play has its aura, a subtle something that rises from it and, working on the brain, creates impressions. Realising this, we have asked Mr. Sime to visit various theatres and to do for us a series of drawings, not of the plays themselves, but of the impressions made by them upon his mind. The fifth result is given here.



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## A Pinero at the Repertory.

Which gains or loses by the contrasts in style—"Trelawny of 'the Wells,'" or the other works of the Repertory Theatre? One might have expected the old play to suffer. I think it gains a little—it acquires a kind of interesting strangeness. To appreciate this one must recollect that in 1898 some thought the play a little old-fashioned,

and spoke of it as a "throw-back." Nowadays, although we know very well it could not have been written in the early 'sixties, the whole affair seems coeval with the period of the piece, and one overlooks the delicacy of workmanship and reticence, feeling only that in sentiment the picture goes back to the time when Phelps was giving wonderful Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and a little before the date of the production of "Caste" at the "Dusthole." I wonder what the players think of the piece and the pictures of themselves—its pictures of almost Crummles cruelty. Possibly they console themselves by thinking what unpleasing people are the "non-theatrical folk" of the "comedieta"—a comedieta in four acts! Perhaps they can hardly swallow the old Vice-Chancellor suddenly stage-struck by the name of Edmund Kean and sight of his sword and chain. I do not think that Dickens, whose name comes persistently into mind when one thinks of the play, would have given us such a Vice-Chancellor—he studied the breed too carefully. It may be said this matters little. Possibly the term "comedieta" was chosen in order to show that the play is not

and Miss Florence Haydon; and Miss Hilda Trevelyan made a big hit in the part of Avonia, which Miss Pattie Browne formerly played very well. Messrs. Sydney Valentine, Edmund Gwenn, Gerald Lawrence, Dennis Eadie, Charles Maude, and E. W. Garden make a very strong collection of players, and each in his way presented one of the queer characters of the piece admirably.

Revival of Mr. Lewis Waller has done an excellent thing in enabling us to enjoy a really good rendering of "The Rivals." He has been content himself with the part of Captain Absolute. As Sir Lucius, Mr. Leonard Boyne was a delightful Irishman, and Mr. C. W. Somerset gave to the heavy father an air of real distinction, and carried off his tantrums and his furies with genuine conviction. Lydia, too, usually a rather colourless creature, is made into a real and charming person by the art of Miss Kate Cutler; and Miss Beatrice Ferrar acted capitally as Lucy. The most showy parts—Bob Acres and Mrs. Malaprop—are in the hands of Mr. Robert Loraine and Miss Lottie Venne, the latter making the most of her Malapropisms, and causing the audience to roar with laughter, and Mr. Loraine being a very entertaining and not too farcical Bob Acres.

The New Generation. The Academy of Dramatic Art, in their matinée at the St. James's, showed a creditably high level of excellence. "Love's Labour's Lost" presented difficulties which might have frightened actresses of considerably greater experience, and the atmosphere of the Island scene in

"TWO MERRY MONARCHS," AT THE SAVOY: MR. LENNOX PAWLE AS KING UTOPS OF UTOPIA, MR. ROBERT WHYTE JUN. AS KING PAUL OF ESPERANTO, AND MR. C. H. WORKMAN AS ROLANDYL.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

"The Admirable Crichton" was not quite captured, though Mr. Rupert Lumley and Miss Phyllis Thatcher played well as Crichton and Lady Mary. The best performances of the afternoon were Miss Grace Croft's sincere and amusing rendering of Sophie Fullgarney in the third act of "The Gay Lord Quex"; and a very delightfully humorous scene from "L'Ecole des Femmes," in which Miss Grace Elbert showed a genuine gift for comedy and a remarkable command of French.

## The Shakespeare Festival.

The Shakespeare Festival has been scoring great successes. The production of "Julius Cæsar" is one of the best things Sir Herbert Tree has ever done, and his Antony in the Senate and the Forum was a tremendous success. Mr. Lyn Harding makes an ideal Brutus, and Mr. Ainley a very excellent Cassius. In "Twelfth Night" Miss Phyllida Terson was a very graceful and charming Viola; and Mr. Fred Terry took the part of Sebastian, and contrived to look as like his daughter as a father reasonably can.



MISS HILDA TREVELYAN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. SYDNEY BLOW WAS ANNOUNCED THE OTHER DAY.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan, so well known as the Wendy of "Peter Pan," and for her playing of many other parts, announced the other day that she had been married some six weeks before in a Roman Catholic church in London to Mr. Sydney Blow, part-author of "Where Children Rule," author of a number of sketches, and actor. Miss Trevelyan met her future husband for the first time some ten years ago, when Mr. Blow was playing the Little Minister and she was playing Babbie. Within a few months they became engaged.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

meant to be very close to life. Yet even if the lights and shades are somewhat violently in contrast, the work is very rich in humorous and pathetic touches of a genuine character, wherefore it is very agreeable and interesting.

The Acting. Only three members of the first cast appear, and, on the whole, I think the present production better than the original. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, whilst losing nothing of charm, has gained much by experience; and her Rose Trelawny is even finer than it was. The excellent Mrs. Telfer of Miss Marie Saker remains unchanged. There is no loss in the Vice-Chancellor, the very complicated stage picture once more presented by Mr. Dion Boucicault with great skill, if sometimes a little too much deliberation. It would be an ungracious task as regards the rest to compare the new with the old: as a general proposition I should say that the new are the better. At any rate, we had admirable performances by Miss Fay Davis, the new Imogen, Miss May Whitty as the "Trafalgy,"



"TWO MERRY MONARCHS," AT THE SAVOY: MR. ROBERT WHYTE JUN. AS KING PAUL OF ESPERANTO, MR. C. H. WORKMAN AS ROLANDYL, AND MR. ROLAND CUNNINGHAM AS PRINCE CHARMIS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



BOW - WOWING TO THE INEVITABLE FEMININE.



GOOD DOG! MME. EDMOND ROSTAND REWARDS M. JEAN COQUELIN WITH A LUMP OF SUGAR.  
M. Jean Coquelin's Patou, the Dog, is one of the most interesting creations in Rostand's "Chantecler." It is but fitting, therefore, that he should be rewarded by Mme. Rostand.



# GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

## Insularity.

I have recently been obliged to cut about the country a good deal. Sometimes my journeys have taken six hours to accomplish—six weary hours, with a break filled up (very much filled up) by the G.W.R. lunch or dinner, or both by the G.E.R. or the G.N.R., as the case may be. Now, by fits and starts I am a gregarious beast, and when this mood seizes me I am burning with a perfectly innocent, although wholly un-English, desire to tell my fellow-passenger just precisely what I think of the burning questions of the day—the state of politics, perhaps, or the cheapening of the novel, or the working of the Repertory Theatre—all of which are of some interest to the ordinary intelligent human being who is not consistently given over to money-grubbing or dyspepsia. One would not have the smallest difficulty in finding a willing conversationalist in France or Germany, or even Russia, supposing that one possessed a tolerable acquaintance with those languages. In France especially, one would be met more than half-way in one's human desire to kill time and institutions. Priests, sportsmen, merchants, and all and sundry welcome eagerly the chance to break the ice. Here, in England, however, all is different. We are, for all that we have a House of Commons as at present constituted,



MORE HUMAN EVEN THAN ROSTAND'S CHANTECLER: A ROOSTER THAT BELIEVES IN HOLDING ITSELF ERECT.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes as follows: "Here is a rooster, born and reared within a few miles of Waterford, who believes in holding himself erect. His strange carriage is not the result of an accident, as he has strutted around in this position since chickenhood. The countrywoman who reared him thought she had done a good stroke of business when she sold him to a fowl-dealer, with another cockerel, without his peculiarity being discovered, but there is no doubt he would be worth a small fortune to a showman, as his appearance as he stalks proudly around is most laughable."

Photograph by A. H. Poole and Co., Waterford.

a civilised race. We are, as a matter of fact, a genial, cheery lot, with opinions of our own on all subjects, and most of us are absolute experts in those things of which we know nothing. We have not outgrown, however, a ridiculous and almost painful self-consciousness, which is tinged with ineradicable suspicion. We eye the man opposite to us in the railway-carriage with furtive antagonism. He wears a queer tie. He must be, therefore, a wrong'un, or, at any rate, a wretch of horrid bringing-up. Let him dare to open his mouth, even if it is to borrow a match or offer a timid criticism as to the weather; we snap his head off, and take care never to meet his roving eye again. Ten to one, for all that, he is an excellent fellow, who may be able to give us an encyclopædic insight into boilers, or aeroplanes, or field-drainage, or fruit-growing in Canada, and a lifelong friendship may be missed—wrong tie or not.

## Ships that Pass in the Night.

It is all a mistake. We miss a tremendous lot that is interesting and pleasant by permitting insularity to remain our deepest-rooted characteristic. And this is what I am growling about now. Why aren't we taught by our schoolmasters to cultivate something of the Latin bonhomie, instead of being encouraged in an utterly wrong-headed

disagreeableness and superciliousness? Why are we not licked out of sideyness while young and green, and inspired with the healthy belief that, whether a man has forgotten to tuck in his tags or not, he is a man, for all that? Not once, but many times lately, I have found myself alone with someone—anyone—who presumably possesses a tongue and a modicum of brain. I have read all my papers and yawned over a book, and gazed at the falling-behind country until the first symptoms of astigmatism warn me to desist, and I am seized with a heavy boredom. The man in the corner has done the same, and has become equally bored. We yawn in duet and stretch in concert. We smoke ourselves dry, and chew the cud of irritable reflection. But do we speak? Never! Hours pass. We know each other outwardly by heart. I have got inured to his curious tie-pin. He has become reconciled to my pristine spats. He knows perfectly well that I am an extremely charming person, and I know beyond argument that he is an average good sort. But do you think that he can overcome his cherished notion that it is bad form to pass the time of day with a fellow-creature to whom he has not been introduced? Not he! And yet think, only think, what he is missing! I always make a point—or I nearly always make a point—of throwing a stone upon the ice. Ten times out of eleven the ice is too thick to break, and the stone slides and slithers to the opposite bank. But when it

breaks I have always had the infinite pleasure of discovering that the ice was very well worth breaking, and have got over a weary and tedious journey most pleasantly. I therefore put forth a plea for the humanising of the younger generation, so that in the future we may not, as a nation, be accused of being bearish. There is nothing so appalling to the very human foreigner as our horrid insularity, our cold stare, our molish solitude. We are referred to by them as dull, which is unjust; as stuck-up, which is untrue; as priggish, which is inaccurate. All the same, we only have ourselves to blame. If the wholly unnecessary formality of an introduction has not been gone through we determinedly turn our really very pleasant selves into all these foolish things, and give wrong impressions. It is a pity. It is a waste of time. It renders travelling a nuisance. Schoolmasters, take note.



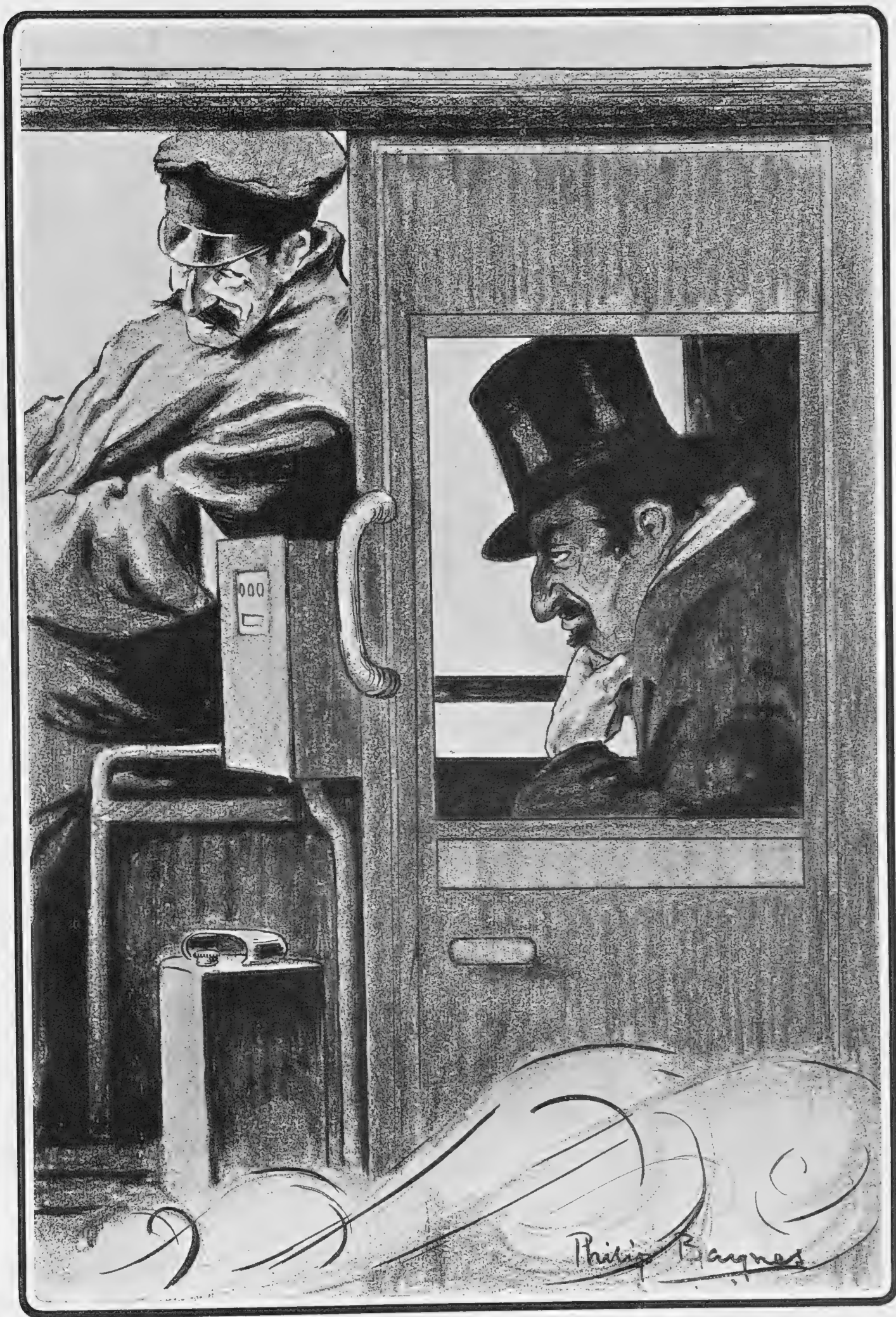
TEDDY TAKES TO DRINK: THE REGIMENTAL PET OF THE 2ND BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLES ENJOYING A DRAUGHT OF GINGER-BEER.

Teddy recently arrived in Shorncliffe from India, with his regiment. He has been housed at an expense of some seventeen pounds, but did not altogether favour the work of the architect, and promptly set about adapting it. He removed the door and a good deal of woodwork which he regarded as superfluous.

Photograph by H. B. Green.



TWO D—S AT A TICK.



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS: THE TAXI AND THE TAXED.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



# KEYNOTES

ON Saturday week next, April 23, Covent Garden will open its doors to inaugurate one of the longest grand seasons of recent years. Between eighty and ninety performances will be given, in place of the usual seventy-eight, and additional interest attaches to the season by the promise of two complete cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," to be performed, without cuts, under the bâton of Dr. Richter, without whom a performance of the "Ring"

in London would hardly be complete. King Edward and Queen Alexandra have given their patronage, the list of subscribers is a very long one, and the season's financial prospects are excellent.

If we except the "Habanera," by Raoul Laparra, the Basque composer, we shall look in vain through the list of nearly thirty operas to find a novelty, and the absence of new works has been severely commented upon. The explanation is not far to seek. Grand opera in London is an exotic nurtured by the wealthy subscribers, who are only in town for the season, and number few serious musicians in their ranks. As a class, subscribers to grand opera are concerned more with fine

will be heard again, and "Tristan" is included in the Wagner programme. We may be certain that every opera will be produced with all the care and attention that make even revivals notable, or at least interesting, at Covent Garden.

It is with great pleasure that we read on the list of artists engaged a good proportion of English names. Among the soprani are Mesdames Melba, Saltzmann-Stevens, Edvina, Elizabeth Amsden, and Edith Evans; among the contralti, Mesdames Kirkby Lunn, Edna Thornton, Alys Mutch, and Edith Clegg. The tenors include Messrs. John McCormack, Maurice d'Oisly, and Riccardo Martin; the bassi and baritones, Edmund Burke and Murray Davey. The Syndicate is doing its best to encourage native talent, and the list of British and Colonial singers is an ever lengthening one.

Among the singers who, as far as Covent Garden is concerned, will make their début, Signor Zerola, a tenor from Milan, is likely to be the star. He is said, by Dame Rumour *bien entendu*, to be a second Caruso. Another singer who has sung several of Caruso's rôles with great success in New York is Mr. Riccardo Martin, a French Canadian. St. Petersburg sends a great baritone in the person of M. Baklanoff, and a tenor, M. Rostowsky, who is said to be



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S DAUGHTER AS PIANIST: MISS MEGAN LLOYD-GEORGE PRACTISING.

Little Miss Lloyd-George plays remarkably well for a child of her age. She will often play to her father while he is at work.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



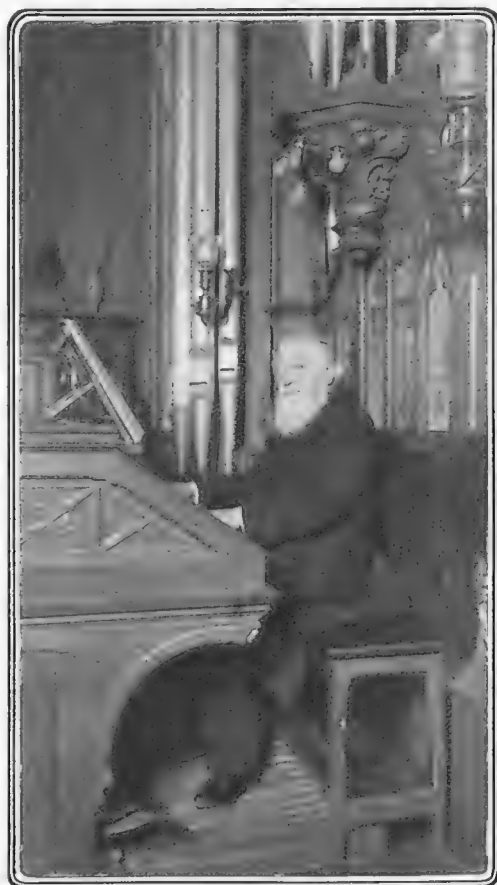
A MECHANICAL DEVICE FOR TEACHING THE YOUTHFUL PIANIST THE POSITION IN WHICH THE HANDS SHOULD BE HELD.

The device is designed to cure those who let their hands drop below the level of the keyboard. If the wrists are allowed to fall, they touch a wire stretched on a line with the keyboard. This gives way automatically. It is the business of the pianist not to touch the wire, and thus to be assured that the hands are in the proper position.—[Photograph by E. Zariski.]

singing than with modern music: they want and excessive vocal agility on the stage. To modern music and the novelties that cost thousands of pounds to produce, unless there is an element of the sensational, they turn a deaf ear. The directors of the Syndicate are business men: they cannot run an opera season without the support of the very wealthy, and those who pay the piper call the tune.

On this account, we see in the list of operas to be given "The Barber of Seville," "Lakmé," "Linda di Chamounix," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Rigoletto," "Sonnambula," "Traviata," and "The Huguenots," and rumour says we have had a narrow escape from "Il Trovatore." Subscribers wish to hear Tetrizzini in the leading rôles of these operas, and the directors of the Syndicate have arranged to satisfy the demand. If the general public took a keen interest in grand opera, and gave it the support so freely extended to musical comedy, there might be material for a grievance, but they do not. Everybody knows that if the Grand Opera Syndicate mounted a dozen novelties there would in all probability be less than sufficient public response to pay a third of the cost. Despite the outcries of those who are not risking their own money, the policy of the Syndicate is the only possible one if the business is to be run on business lines. It is not pleasant to notice the survival or resurrection of the unfit, but the responsibility is not with the directors. It is with the subscribers, who, if they insisted upon more modern and worthy work, could have it for the asking.

At any rate, we are to hear the wholly delightful "Louise" and "Pelléas et Mélisande" again, and the success of "Samson et Dalila" will not be forgotten. "Tess"



THE MUSICIAN TO WHOM THE REVIVAL OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF ORGANISTS IS DUE: M. ALEXANDRE GUILMANT.

M. Guilmant's great ability has been proved at many a recital. To him is due the revival of the French school of organists.

able to sing the difficult part of Romeo in Gounod's opera. Both have achieved fame in Russia and America. Hans Bechstein will once again fill the rôle of Mimi, Peter Cornelius will appear as Siegmund and Siegfried, and will essay for the first time the trying rôle of Tristan. Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens, the bright star of a recent winter season, will sing the music of Isolde and Brünnhilde; and Van Rooy returns, after two years, to appear again as Wotan. In the French and Italian operas Melba, Tetrizzini, Edvina, and Destinn will share the honours, but it is likely that the bulk of the work will fall to Mme. Tetrizzini.

Dr. Richter's services will be limited, as usual, to the Wagner operas; the Italian work will be divided between Signor Campanini and Signor Panizza; while M. Frigara, from Lyons, who made a welcome appearance here last year, will direct the most of the French opera.

Among those for whom the opera-goer will look in vain this year are MM. Gilbert and Scotti. The former is the doyen of the company; some three-and-twenty years have passed since first he sang at Covent Garden, where his wife, Mme. Gilbert Lejeune, has been associated with him in recent seasons. As the Father in "Louise," as the Brother in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," and in many other rôles great and small, M. Gilbert sang superbly and acted with distinction. Scotti, at his best in such rôles as Rigoletto and Iago, will not readily be forgotten. Perhaps we shall see and hear them in London again; in any case, they are sure of a corner in our memory, and will remain associated with the recollection of many striking performances. COMMON CHORD.

I'VE GOTTER MOTTER!



"TAKE THINGS AS YOU FIND THEM."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## GERMANY'S STANDING ARMY IN ENGLAND.\*

TERRITORIALS, look to your arms, your ammunition, your artillery, your uniforms, and your headquarters! Next year you may lose them all! Imagine yourselves in 1912, and, with Captain Curties, gaze back on 1911. The affair began on Sunday, the 4th of September. Citizen soldiers, snug in bed and still drowsy, heard shots, "the sustained crackle of musketry varied with the unmistakable boom of cannon." Then came rumours of fighting at Wellington Barracks, followed by the news that the Guards had died, almost to a man, in a vain struggle. Strange troops were seen in the streets, men who spoke both German and English, wore British uniforms, carried British rifles and bayonets, and fought with British guns. Vehicles rumbled by with loads of wounded. Before the headquarters of each of the Territorial Battalions, before each bank and each public building, outside Buckingham Palace, stood stolid German sentries. German officers filled the breakfast-rooms of the hotels. The Monument was a German look-out post. The guttural tones of the Teuton answered "calls" on the telephone, censored conversations, "cut off" at a second's notice. The railway stations and the police stations, the telegraph offices and the newspaper offices were in German hands. Near the Tower were moored half-a-dozen squat Dutch eel-boats, from which Germans were unloading the parts of a Zeppelin. London was under martial law, "held up" by two hundred thousand Germans under arms. How had the enemy entered the city? That was the question. None had witnessed their coming. No transports had been sighted. No trains had been commandeered. There was no news of a landing. Curious—and startling! They had materialised, it seemed, out of thin air. In the Metropolis they received but few additions as the days passed; further afield, supports contrived to arrive in greater numbers. The Navy saw to it that troop-ships had herculean tasks before disgorging their living freight on our shores, but were unable to prevent the advent of an army of some strength. Nor could they stop the coming of high officers sent into the country by airship to "stiffen" the invaders. Engagements were fought, at sea and on land, and the Germans were trounced. Then the investing force disappeared from London as remarkably as they had appeared. Spirited in, they were spirited out again. How?

Let Captain Curties answer both conundrums. On the evening before the surprise, and in the early morning of the day itself, the trains were full of aliens: "all men—Germans, in fact. . . ." So came some men and more officers. The standing army of their Fatherland were already in London—merchants, clerks, barbers, waiters, shopkeepers, and 'tourists.' For weeks before, too, "large bodies of German soldiers in civilian dress had been dribbling into the United Kingdom through every available port." And the arms, the ammunition, and the uniforms—what of them? At three o'clock on the Sunday morning, "it was simultaneously reported to Scotland

Yard from various police stations in London that the Territorial units situated in their districts were getting under arms at their respective headquarters and marching off." Thus did the German army, that are always in our midst, pose as "Terrors." "The proceedings at Pentonville were a fair type of what took place in every district. . . . In each case the whole of the material—field-guns, howitzers, rifles, bayonets, a vast quantity of ammunition and transport, and the khaki uniforms of the men, were appropriated for the use of the soldiers of his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor. . . . The fact of the arms being returned at this time of the year to the headquarters, after the summer drills, to be overhauled and browned, was a determining factor, evidently, in the German calculations; otherwise the invaders would have found empty racks at the armouries, and the rifles and bayonets in the hands of their rightful owners. . . . Lest there should not be a sufficiency of uniforms and accoutrements found in the headquarters of our Territorial Army. . . . several of their army contractors opened branch establishments in Houndsditch and other parts of London in convenient positions as dealers in old military accoutrements and clothing." That was the manner of the coming. What of the going? On the Third of November there were no German soldiers in the streets. They had vanished in the night. Sentries were still posted before the Territorials' headquarters. Some of the Kaiser's officers were still in evidence. The bulk of the men had gone, no one knew whither. Inspection of the headquarters revealed the facts that most of the men's kits were in their places, but showing signs of hard wear; that the lockers that had held the missing kits contained civilian clothes "evidently of German manufacture"; that rifles were in their racks, horses in their stables, guns in their positions. Said

the British General to the captured German Commander: "I have discovered your secret. . . . When it got dark, your men commenced their retreat. . . . into the Territorial headquarters. . . . and there they executed some extraordinary manoeuvres. . . . they restored their arms and accoutrements to the places from which they took them on the night of September 3rd last. Then they did something even more extraordinary: they all undressed. . . . folded up their uniforms neatly and placed them in the lockers from which they had originally taken them. . . . Then, having entirely undressed themselves. . . . they proceeded to dress themselves again in civilian clothes. . . . And then your *real* retreat began; in twos and threes your men, in their plain clothes, left the Territorial headquarters, and mingled as civilians with the other six millions of inhabitants of London."

Therefore, Territorials, look to your arms, your ammunition, your artillery, your uniforms, and your headquarters! Next year you may lose them all! Keep your powder dry—and about your person—and, certainly, read Captain Curties' most exciting and ingenious book, a study in "slimness" that but half failed.



TO SUPPLANT THE BASEBALL PITCHER: THE CHAMPION BASEBALL PITCHER GUN.

We give the first photograph of an invention designed to supplant the baseball pitcher, established at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, by the inventor, Warrant Officer R. H. Lake. "This is in the form of a gun, from which the ball is propelled by compressed air at a speed equal to that of the speediest of pitchers. By means of a strap of variable length fixed at the breech end, the degree of the curve, which may be as much as eight feet, is accurately determined. The gun is mounted on a swivel, and can be pointed in any angle, vertical or horizontal. The operator in manipulating the gun goes through all the motions of throwing. As his hand shoots out, he touches the trigger of the gun, thus releasing the ball. The striker has then time to place himself in position."—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



A FAMOUS FEMINIST AND HER PET: MME. MARGUERITE DURAND AND HER LIONESS "TIGER."

It will be recalled that Mme. Durand founded the "Fronde," a journal run by women for women. "Tiger" has a home in the garden of her house near the Monceau Park.

\* "When England Slept." By Captain Henry Curties. (Everett. 6s.)

## THE COAT D'AZUR RAPIDE.



THE SHOPMAN: That, Madam, is the latest thing in dogs' coats. Very popular on the Riviera.  
MRS. SLOWE: Oh, gracious, no! That won't do at all. It makes her look so fast.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## AN AMERICAN COUNTESS IN MARS.

By NINA BALMAINE.

THE astral peace of Mars had received a shock, and frenzied excitement seized its people. The oldest inhabitant was cut off in the prime of his autobiography. But you can always rely on a newspaper reporter to control his nerves in a crisis. I quote from the *Martian Comet*, published at Marsopolis, a short account of how the thing happened. The serenity of the sub-editor was unruffled; there were no hysterical headlines; merely this—

### ICARUS AND A FEW FRIENDS DROP INTO MARS.

Late yesterday afternoon, when the élite of the town were bathing in the Municipal Canal, a cry of alarm was raised, and all stared spellbound at the horizon, where a dark, irregular object was silhouetted against the turquoise sky. At first it was taken for a huge bird. Then it grew to the dimensions of a *matinée* hat. Nearer and nearer the uncanny thing came. It looked like a ship sailing upside down and manned by a crew of monster flies. The ladies shrieked up the whole gamut of terror, and, without taking thought of the morrow, clutched at the nearest man and started an indecorous stampede of mixed bathers in the direction of the adjacent villas. Many Martian matrons quietly sipping five o'clock tea were nearly scandalised into epilepsy by the helter-skelter entrance of a husband, in bathing-costume, accompanied by an unknown lady similarly attired, clamouring for his protection. In some cases the distracted couples dashed madly into the lady's domicile, and the good man at home narrowly escaped St. Vitus on the brain trying to comprehend their explanations.

The reporter of the *Comet* saw the phenomenon descend, and arrived on the scene in record time. In the cinder-bed of a dried-up water-course he found the wreck of an omnibus-balloon, and saw half-a-dozen scared creatures of both sexes piecing themselves together out of the débris. They explained that they had come from the Earth and had been carried, without prejudice, into the unknown.

The predominant passenger was a lady of thirty, with a metallic voice and an umbrageous coiffure. She rushed at the journalist, and asked to be interviewed as a "Titled American Woman." He looked puzzled, but took off his hat and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, in the name of the *Martian Daily Comet* and its *Sunday Supplement*, I welcome you to Mars."

"Haw, by Jove! how doocid extraordinary!" drawled a blonde man, without a smile.

"Gee-whiz!" ejaculated the Titled American, "this beats Roosevelt's kodak adventures to a frazzle. I'd 'a been the next President if I'd been born a man. Where's the flag?"

Out of the wreckage this irrepressible person unearthed a flag with white stars on a blue ground in one corner, and the rest red and white stripes. This she planted where the balloon fell.

"I'd give a million if I could cable the news to Taft," she said to the mystified but admiring newspaper man.

By this time the strangers were surrounded by the Martian Civil Guard, a sort of Police Militia, and the only sign of military power in the planet. It is limited to fifty, rank and file. The functions of the force are manifold. The men will arrest a delinquent with the aggressive solemnity of a Common Copper, or form a guard-of-honour with the grace and glitter of a crack European regiment.

The Captain curtly, but courteously, informed them that he must take them to the Municipal prison for the night, and that they would be indicted for trespass in the morning. Their consternation so affected him that he assured them nothing hostile was intended, and that a trial in open court would elicit their antecedents and enable them all to make a fair start in Mars.

The American lady was abashed into something like modesty as she approached the Captain and begged him not to confiscate her jewellery; she added that she had only an afternoon's supply on her. She wore three pearl necklaces, half-a-bushel of diamonds, and a few pounds (*avoirdupois*) of rubies and turquoises.

"They are quite safe, Madam; we place no value upon such things, which are worn only by the lower orders in Mars."

She turned to the Englishman and said, "I wish to goodness I

had worn my coronet in the balloon. I'll bet that would have impressed these hayseeds."

"I believe you Yankee girls would wear the ridiculous things at a funeral, and probably add an ermine rain-coat," he replied, languidly stifling a yawn.

"I wish you'd hump yourself and get your Norman blood into a state of commotion about things," she retorted bitterly. "Don't you understand that we are the first to get into Mars?"

"Haw, haw, haw! you're awfully funny, Helen, doncherknow. I say, do you think the beastly place boasts a Jockey Club?"

They had now reached the city, and a stirring scene ensued when they were compelled to wear the costume prescribed for persons coming up for trial. This consisted of a plain white gown for women, and saffron-coloured clothes for men. The basic idea of the uniform was equality, for all prisoners looked particularly plain in it.

The American woman resisted the sartorial regulation as strenuously as if they had desired to dress her in the diaphanous draperies of Raphael's Hours. She screamed lustily that the garment was an outrage, cooler than a dinner-gown, and would give Nausicaa a chill.

The Judge before whom they were brought next day inflicted justice in the Supreme Court of the planet. He never permitted lawyers to plead before him and tangle up the issues, but conducted the proceedings himself, with occasional assistance from his clerk, one O'Brien, a man of unfailing resource and infinite blarney.

The first to be called to account was the American.

"Your name, Madam?" said the Judge.

"I am the Countess of High Falutin," she answered proudly.

"The what?" said the Judge, dropping his agate stylus in amazement.

"Tell his Lordship your Christian name," prompted Mr. O'Brien, with an encouraging smile.

"I am Helen, wife of Owin Boodle, the Earl of High Falutin."

"You can cut him out; trespass in Mars involves divorce, and he is no longer your husband."

Helen expanded her chest and discharged an aggregate of screams and crescendo vocalisations that sounded like a college yell set to music by Wagner. She fairly shook with sobs, and told the Judge that his "silly old planet was more immoral than Utah and Dakota mixed."

"Listen, Madam. You cannot obtain the rights of a citizen for a year. Your marriage is dissolved, and you are plain Helen Boodle."

"Oh, do not separate us, my Lord. It was a love-match, and cost ten million hard-earned dollars."

The Judge was moved; so was the husband, but in quite a different way.

"If you two fall in love a second time, you can marry in twelve months."

"Oh, do not part us now, my Lord—it will kill my husband."

"Let him stand forward."

An inoffensive-looking man of good physique faced the Judge.

"You are both young and have my sympathy, especially as the lady fears that separation will have serious consequences to your health. What is the state of your affection for her?"

"I don't want to marry her any more," the Earl replied with a blunt earnestness that amused the Judge.

"Oh, I thought it was a sentimental attachment."

"Not in the way you understand, my Lord. Helen had an attachment for my title, and I had an attachment for debt—a legal process which puts a fellow in a tight corner. She paid up and took my name in exchange."

"How did that benefit her?"

"It opened the doors of Society and enabled her to cut a dash among parvenus and hard-up aristocrats."

"What is this thing you call Society?"

"It is a place where the needy well-bred and the wealthy ill-bred meet for mutual advantage."

"Where do these young women come from?"

"America, my Lord."

"Another planet?"

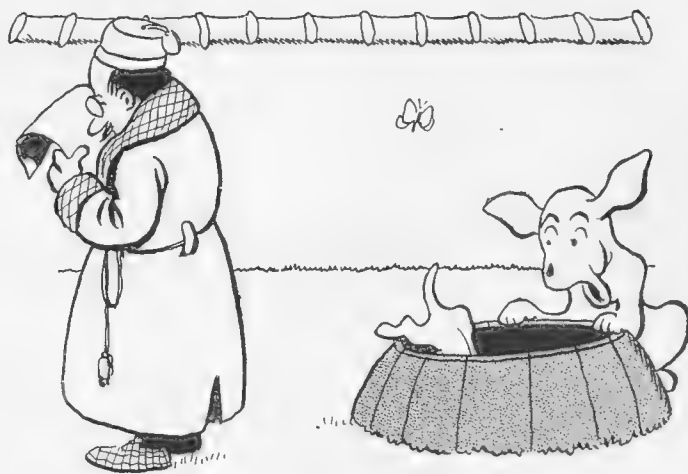
"No, my Lord, only a part of the Earth."

[Continued overleaf.]

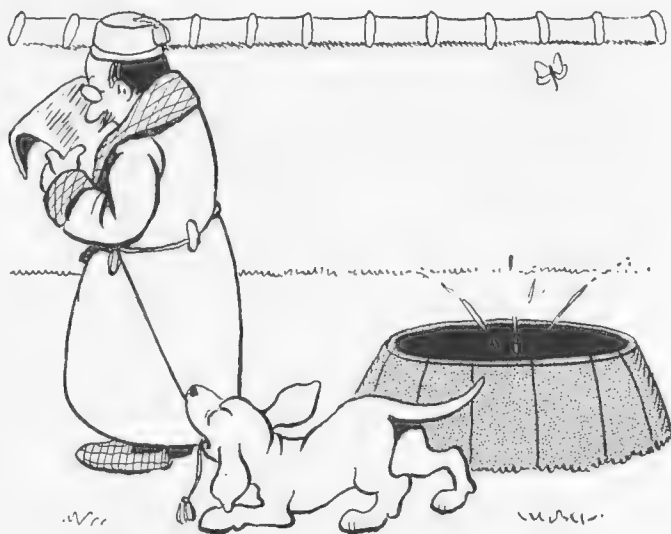
WELL ! WELL !



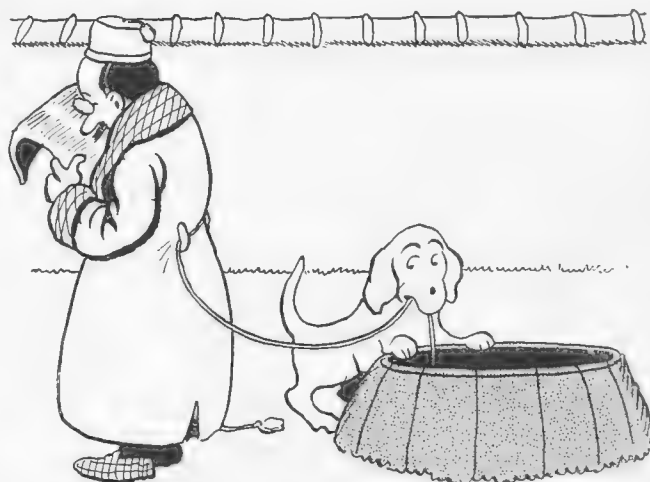
PONGO GOING 'STRONG—



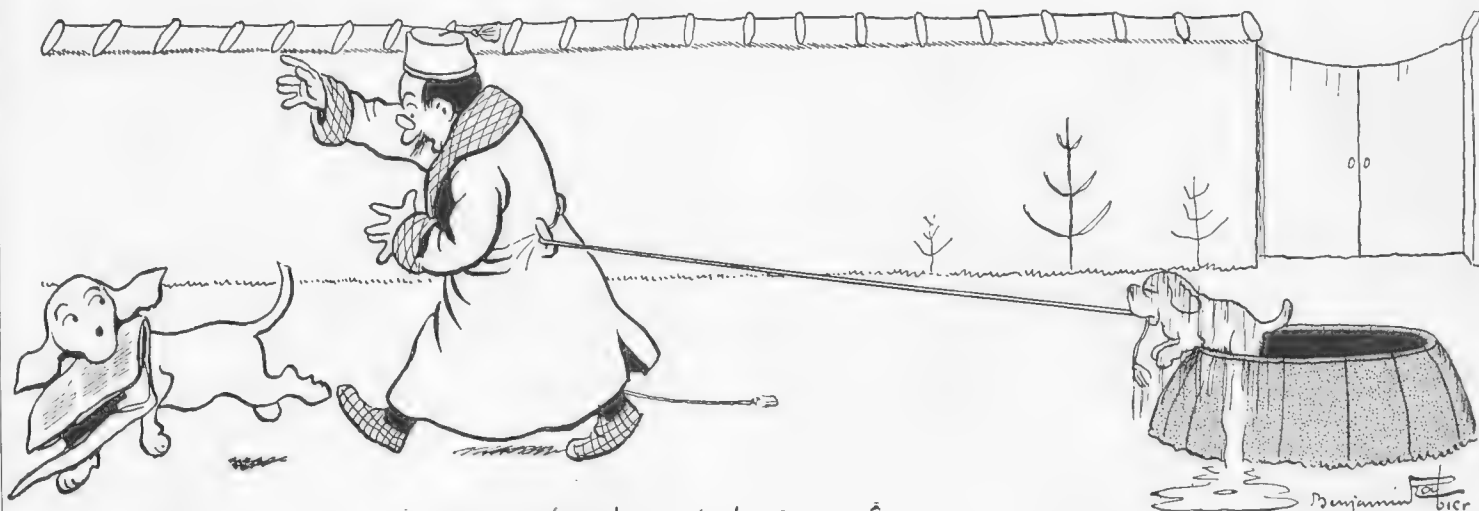
—AND GOING WELL.



MAMMA SEES A LIFE-LINE—



—AND LOWERS AWAY.



THE MASTER IS ENTICED INTO A TROT, AND ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



"How like an Englishman!" interjected Helen with some heat. "See here, my Lord, Amurrica is the greatest country on the Earth. We could drop England into New York Harbour without showing a bubble, and don't you forget it!" she added fiercely to High Falutin.

The Judge looked puzzled, and Mr. O'Brien, catching his eye, said, "My Lord, I have read a good deal on the subject, and I fancy that, for all practical purposes, America *is* the Earth. There are other countries, of course, but they are more or less affiliated to that stupendous continent."

"Will you work for your late wife, Owin Boodle?"

"I'll work like a nigger now I'm free, my Lord."

"What can you do?"

"I only know about horses."

"Very well. You will be employed in the State stables, and a portion of your wages will be paid weekly to Helen Boodle; otherwise she would have to work."

"Thank you, my Lord," and, with a cheery nod to Helen, he walked gaily out of Court, the happiest man in Mars.

The next to face the music was an English actor-manager, and he bowed with suave dignity to the Judge, whose wide-open eyes were lit with a smile of amused wonder.

"Galahad Pendragon, my Lord, actor-manager," he said, adopting a costume-drama pose.

"This is beyond me; kindly prompt me a little, Mr. O'Brien. What did he do for a living?"

"He gave suppers to the nobility, and kept a playwright in his home to study him and write applause-producing parts to suit his physique and his swagger. Society gave him a vogue, and in his less exalted moments he patted newspaper men on the back, till they had to smother him, out of pure gratitude, with paragraphical confetti."

"Did he encourage literature and the arts?"

"No, my Lord; his patrons were as vapid and frivolous as he was conceited and pretentious."

"Better make him a dancing-master, Mr. O'Brien."

Then a lovely girl stood up. She had soft blue eyes, raven-black hair, and the complexion of a pink carnation. Her name was Kathleen Mavourneen, the daughter of an indigent Irish gentleman. It appeared that, having no money, and only gentle birth and refined manners for social assets, it had been impossible for her to get into Society like the American woman. The Judge ordered her to be a Maid-of-Honour at the Court of Mars.

The other adventurers were quite ordinary people.

The exiles were fairly happy, bar Helen Boodle, who had always been an exhilarating exception to any rule. She wanted to go everywhere, and fumed because certain places were closed to her. The State Palace of Art was one of these. She snorted superciliously at the clause which disqualified her—namely, "*Only persons of proved ability in Art and Science are admitted into this building.*"

This Palace is the finest building in Mars. The central hall has a vaulted roof of pure crystal, and all around it rise fluted columns and slender spires, gleaming like shafts of silver in the sunlight. Balconies of white marble with onyx rails overlook gorgeous flower-beds filled with exotic blooms of blazing colour and exquisite perfume. Fountains send up glistening spray, which, falling on platforms of peculiar metal, makes a sound like fairy cymbals. The halls and reception-rooms are beautifully decorated, and are upholstered in a style that is the acme of luxury controlled by perfect taste. Only persons of real eminence in the intellectual world are permitted to enter this pleasaunce, where everything is so sumptuous, and yet so harmonious, that the light of some Oriental legend must have illumined the brain of its designer.

The ex-Earl kept out of Helen's way, but, when they did meet, she spoke with rapture of their reunion. He, however, always gave her to understand that his mind was quite draughtily open on the question of re-marriage.

"You are teasing me, High Falutin. You know another balloon will come, and we shall go back to Earth, and put on our coronets once more."

"Oh, bother coronets! Couldn't you see that the common-sense of the English was getting above that form of snobbery?"

"Never mind, there is always Amurrica."

"Excuse me, they laughed at us there, too. Now, there is none of that nonsense about Miss Mavourneen."

"You ungrateful wretch!"

"Oh, you had your money's-worth in tomfoolery! Your only regret was that you couldn't wear your coronet in the Park or when you went shopping."

"I say, High Falutin, there will be piles of money to spend."

"This suits me. If you want to go back, why don't you build up the old balloon?"

"Gee! that's a great idea. I'll get Pendragon interested. He hates the place, because they won't make a fuss of him. You know what actors are."

"All right, go ahead."

"Will you help, High Falutin?"

"You bet I will," he replied heartily, and left her to join Kathleen Mavourneen in the State Garden.

Mr. Galahad Pendragon hailed the idea with delight.

"I don't care," Helen told him, "if it isn't what you would call safe, if it will only take us out of Mars."

"I'll risk anything to get away," said Pendragon with a shudder. "They don't appreciate me a bit, and bar Press-agents as having a deteriorating influence on the drama by preventing real talent from getting a fair chance."

"How do you think I like being plain Helen Boodle after queening it as a Countess?"

"It is too dreadful for words. You have my exquisite sympathy, Lady High Falutin."

"I am sure the others will come with us," she said, as they went to the Municipal Offices to demand the remains of their balloon.

Now, Helen did not know that, directly he began work as sub-assistant equerry, High Falutin made up his mind to marry Kathleen Mavourneen.

They met frequently in the State grounds, and Kathleen liked him, but experienced sundry ethical qualms in making his ardent friendship and her own feelings harmonise with her idea of Helen's position. Still, as time wore on, his assiduity overcame her scruples, and she consented to marry him, if he remained in Mars and Helen did not. This arrangement suited him, for he knew that his wife's ungovernable passion for flamboyant display and social limelight was stronger than her affection for him, and that she would take any risk bar that of jumping down to reach the earth again.

Pendragon worked manfully at the balloon. Nobody was inclined to be fastidious, the main idea being to get it to go up and fly away.

The Martians evinced intense interest in the machine, but had no desire to take a trip. Helen and Pendragon made several circuits of Marsopolis with the airship captive. In one of these ascents she saw, below her, High Falutin and Kathleen in a garden, and her agitation nearly upset the balloon.

She upbraided him when she landed, but he replied with the unanswerable argument that it did not matter, as she was about to leave him.

"You don't mean to say that you are not coming back to civilisation?"

"I am going to stay here."

"But your rank isn't worth a cent now."

"Hang my rank!"

"You have gone crazy over that poor Irish girl."

"Miss Mavourneen may have been poor, but she is that indefinable thing, a lady."

"Pooh! A titled woman beats a lady any day."

"No, only in America."

"See here, High Falutin, you are my husband. We start on the home trip to-morrow, and I expect you to come with us," she said angrily.

"I tell you I am not going."

"But you must, if only to see after your property."

"That doesn't affect me, as we have no—er—er children," and he grinned at her.

"Don't be a beast, High Falutin."

"I'll give you a document assigning the lot to you; but as there are no solicitors here, I must word it the best way I can."

"Don't make it long, or the English lawyers will find a flaw in it."

"You can prove that it is really your own money—a case of 'dust to dust returneth,' you know."

"I didn't think you could be so witty," she laughed; "and, I say, Owin, you are only joking, and you will come back? Just think of the shine we'll take out of the best of them!"

"My dear Helen, if you loved me half as much as you love a life of senseless swagger and palpable insincerity, you would remain here with me."

There was terrific excitement next day when the adventurers were about to leave Mars.

Galahad Pendragon took command and made a graceful speech from the car. The others crowded in, except Helen, High Falutin, and Kathleen Mavourneen.

Helen tried cajolery, tears, and denunciations, but all to no purpose. He declined to "take the header," as he put it, and Kathleen vowed she would die before she got to the Earth.

Pendragon gave them three minutes longer. The Earl kissed his wife and wished her bon voyage, but she clung to him as if he were really dear to her.

"ANY MORE FOR THE EARTH?" bawled Pendragon.

The balloon began to sway, and Helen, after one despairing appeal to High Falutin, made a dash for the car, and was just hauled in as the balloon shot up into the air. In a few moments it was a mere speck in the sky. The evening papers stated that it went over the edge of the planet in fifty-three minutes from the start.

Some months later Marsopolis was *en fête* for the wedding of Owen Boodle and Kathleen Mavourneen. They were married in the State Garden, according to the rites of Mars. The ships in the canals were gay with flags, and the streets were strewn with roses.

THE END.

# THE PERFECT MAN

FOR general and morning wear most men provide themselves with lounge suits, their general usefulness being indicated by the widely different occasions on which they are worn. During a stroll in Hyde Park or a walk along Piccadilly one meets many men dressed in this style. A visit to the Royal Academy shows us numbers of the smartest men so attired; they are even to be seen in the stalls of West-End theatres at an afternoon performance, so that the occasions on which they can be worn are legion; and as the style of 1910 differs in many details from what was worn in previous seasons, we record what is now to be seen on the leaders of Society.

His Majesty the King has been wearing a lounge jacket made to button moderately high, and having four buttons down the front, the three top ones only being worn fastened. The fronts are neatly rounded away, and it is finished with flap-pockets on the hips, and an outside breast-pocket on the left side. The ticket-pocket is not in evidence, but it is the custom with many of the West-End tailors to insert this inside, the hip-pocket on the right side. The sleeves of this jacket are finished with a turn-back cuff three inches deep, cut away at the back so as to show the usual three buttons at the bottom of the hind arm-seam. A seam is put down the centre of the back, and this is finished with a division in the middle.

The fashionable shades in tweed suitings this season are greens, greys, blues, and drabs, but in most cases there are mixtures of other colours, which in many instances are decidedly bright, but, being used in the form of fine threads, are by no means conspicuous. The fashionable patterns are subdued stripes; sometimes these are formed by the weaver's skill alone, and are of the same colour as the rest of the cloth, but in others they depend on the introduction

step. Flap-pockets were placed on the hips, and there was an outside breast-pocket in which he carried a handkerchief which was allowed to be in evidence. The sleeves were finished with ordinary cuffs, which had three holes and buttons and were stitched three and a half inches up from the bottom. The waistcoat showed a little above the jacket, and was of the single-breasted style, finished without a collar.

The King is wearing a soft-felt "Homburg" hat with his lounge suit; it is fairly wide in the brim, and is worn dented down at the top. These hats are to be obtained in quite a variety of

colours, greens being the most popular, but shades of greys and drabs are also favoured. A broad-ribbed silk band is worn on these, and the bow is generally placed at the back. The brim is made stiff enough to retain a smart curl. The Prince of Wales wears a similar style of hat. The Duke of Connaught wears a black, hard bowler hat with a round crown and a rather narrow curled brim. This has a very smart appearance, and suits tall men of slight build better than those who are short and stout. The softer style of hat, however, is very much the more popular of the two this spring, and it certainly has a free-and-easy character about it which is quite in keeping with the lounge suit.

The Duke of Connaught wore light drab spats or short gaiters over his boots, and as his suit was dark in colour, these formed a feature in the outfit. It is well known that the King is very fond of these accessories, and often wears them both in summer and winter, not merely when he dons his sporting outfit and has chosen to wear knickers instead of trousers, but also when he appears in frock-coat dress of the smartest description, though on these latter occasions his spats are white. It naturally follows that his example



THE RECORD TEST MATCH FIRST-WICKET PARTNERSHIP: HOBBS (SURREY) AND RHODES (YORKSHIRE), WHO PUT ON 221 TOGETHER BEFORE RHODES WAS BOWLED. The partnership is a record in test matches. For over ten years the 185 made by the Hon F. S. Jackson and Tom Hayward, at the Oval in 1899, remained unbroken. The first 50 runs took 35 minutes to make, and Hobbs was then 36. Hobbs made his first 50 in 55 minutes. The first 100 was scored in 70 minutes. The lunch total, after 100 minutes' play, was 153 for no wickets, Hobbs being 91 and Rhodes 46. Hobbs scored 100 in 116 minutes; 200 was reached in 132 minutes; 220 in 140 minutes. At 221, when the partnership ceased by the bowling of Rhodes by Nourse, the two men had been batting for 143 minutes. Hobbs had scored 126, Rhodes 77. Hobbs' final score was 187.



THE FIFTH AND THE FINAL TEST MATCH PLAYED BY THE M.C.C. TEAM IN SOUTH AFRICA: HOBBS RUNNING TOWARDS RHODES DURING THE RECORD PARTNERSHIP—NOTE THE MATTING PITCH.

There was practically no life in the pitch, and thus the batsmen were in a decidedly favourable position.

of threads of different colour or material. In former years silk or mercerised cotton was used a good deal for the formation of designs, but this year worsted threads are employed, the main reason for the change being that the use of the latter avoids the heavy tariffs charged on silk goods by some of the Continental countries.

The Duke of Connaught, when on a recent visit to West Dean Park, wore a lounge-jacket-suit made of dark-grey cloth; it fitted the figure closely at the waist, and had ample spring over the hips, which is the fashionable style this year. The lapels were turned low, and these were finished at the top with a neat right-angle

is imitated by many of his friends, who consider spats an excellent article of dress when it is desired to introduce smartness.

The double collar of moderate depth is patronised by the King and the Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales, and many other men to wear with the lounge suit, that style being considered less formal than the wing, or even the deeper style of double-collar, such as is used with more dressy suits. A rather narrow sailor-knot tie is the favourite—indeed, one might almost say it is the universal neckwear of the well-dressed man; while the soft-fronted, striped shirt is very generally worn. W. D. F. V.





By HENRY LEACH.

**On the Continent.** The Continental season, especially that of the

Riviera, lingers on a long time in these days. This very week there is an important competition at one of the most beautiful golfing places in France—by which Pau is meant; and the courses out on the Côte d'Azur will not in most cases be closed for some weeks yet. Closed they have to be some time, not merely because there are not enough players about to keep them going, but because it is impossible to preserve them in condition during the hot summer months. The grass withers up and dies—at least it does that on the putting-greens—and these have to be sown afresh in the late autumn every year, so as to be ready for the coming of the British golfers when the wet and the fogs descend upon their homeland. This, as I have said, is the general rule, and it is a rule that applies to Cannes, which has to be regarded as the chief golfing centre of the Riviera; but when I was at Nice just lately, Mr. Hay Gordon, the most excellent secretary there, told me that they had now got their course-watering arrangements to such a pitch of perfection that last summer they tried sowing a green with permanent grass as an experiment, and it turned out well; so that they intend doing the same with the whole lot next time, and in this way real putting-greens, with the proper thick mat of grass which is essential to such, may be cultivated. While there are still competitions going on, and many golfers playing, the Riviera season really reached its climax a few days ago with the big meeting at Cannes, and the annual foursome match between representatives of the Biarritz and Pau Clubs for the Kilmaine Cup. I never could make out why so much fuss is made of this latter affair as is done—in the newspapers, at all events. It is little more than a very ordinary game, in which nobody takes any interest except the four players who have two days of a nice sort of junketing together, which they much enjoy.

**Improved Courses.** Now, during this Riviera season I have been playing on the courses out there from end to end of the famous shore, and although there have been no professional tournaments, it has been the greatest and busiest season they have ever had. It has shown the Riviera golfing season to us in a new light, and, in the circumstances, some impressions should be stated. Nearly everybody who has not golfed out there asks of those who have, "What is it like? Is it worth going for?" And varying answers are given, so that it comes about that there is no sort of general understanding as to how good the golf of Southern France is. Well, let me say then, that it is

better—much better—than most people imagine it to be. Courses everywhere have been greatly improved, and I was surprised to find how good they were this time. The putting-greens at Cannes have the weaknesses attendant on their being "hardy annuals," but, apart from that, the golf there is thoroughly good. The course is rather on the short side, but it is laid out on splendid turf, is bunkered in the most excellent and thorough manner with big, natural-looking sand-bunkers, and the scenic setting of the course is the most beautiful I have ever seen, especially that part of it which lies on the other side of the river, that has to be twice ferried in the course of the round. This part embraces six holes, and the views of the snow-capped Alpes Maritimes, with the town of Grasse lying on the last spur and glistening in the sunlight, are just enchanting. The Cannes club house is a fine thing, and is very golf-like in its appearance and general arrangements, as all Continental club houses are not.



THE REV. P. GANNON AND MR. H. TAYLOR,  
THE LATTER DRIVING.



WINNER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S PRIZE:  
MR. F. PATON.



WINNER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S PRIZE  
FOR LADIES: LADY MARGARET HAMILTON-RUSSELL.



Grand Duchess Cyril. Princess Nicholas.  
AT THE CANNES GOLF CLUB: THE GRAND DUCHESS CYRIL OF RUSSIA, WHO  
PRESENTED THE PRIZES TO THE LADIES, AND PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE.  
THE CANNES CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

The Cannes Club's Spring Meeting was most successful. Mr. F. Paton won the Grand Duke Michael's prize with 87 less 12=75, and 89 less 12=77. The second prize fell to Mr. Ludwig Neumann, with a net total of 159. Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell won the Grand Duke Michael's prize for ladies with 75 plus 4=79 and 76 plus 4=80; also the Grand Duke Cyril's prize with 74 plus 3=77, which beat bogey. Mr. Paton won a gold cigarette-case, valued at £100; Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell a Russian tea-service in silver and enamel, and gold and enamel buttons set with diamonds.—[Photographs by March.]

**A Riviera Boom.** There is a big golfing boom spreading all along the Riviera. Within five years there will be three times as many courses there as there are now. In addition to the old one at Hyères, they have now got a very fine course at Costebelle, on the other side of the town. I played on it several days, and am sure that architecturally it is the best thing in Southern France. For all-round interest and golfing quality Cannes is the best; but for present excellence of putting-greens Nice takes first place, easily. I was amazed at the quality of the greens they have there. They give no excuse whatever for bad putting; and

their surface is so even and true that I thought Peter Lees, the wizard green-keeper of Mid-Surrey, must surely have been there. They have a new course at Sospel, some way out from Mentone, and another, of twelve holes only at present, at St. Raphael, Vallescure, where they have a very fine club house. Then I am told that the Casino authorities at Monte Carlo are making a new course, for the benefit of the golfers who stay in the Principality, on the top of the hills, some way beyond La Turbie, and about two thousand feet high. Everywhere on the Riviera the hotel-keepers are most enormously interested in this golf, and the new club and course at Sospel, which have cost a lot of money, were started and made by them. Already Riviera golf from January to April is a big thing, but there is a far greater popularity for it in store. It is such a glorious thing to play the game in warm sunlight and on a dry course in February.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

**The Biters Bitten!** It is quite well known that parts of Scotland fairly bristle with ten-mile limits. It is quite sufficient for a pig-sty or a hen-coop to front the public road for the authorities, or some of them, to sanction a limit. Now, in some parts of Scotland, and those the most inviting, these limits may, within reason, be disregarded; but in other localities—Dumbartonshire, for instance—the motorist must gang warily. It is said that certain County Councillors, being of opinion that their roads were suffering from a plenitude of motor traffic, suggested trapping on the open road; but the police did not altogether fall in with this notion. In certain necessary speed-limits they were, however, very strict, and, strange to relate, were controlling in one particular limit when the trap-suggesting Councillors passed through on a tour of road-inspection on a car borrowed for the purpose. The Councillors' car was duly timed, and so far from adhering strictly to the law, their speed actually worked out very much over twenty miles per hour, being, indeed, the fastest run through the limit ever timed by the police. Now, the Councillors being well known, the Scottish automobile world awaits the sequel with interest.

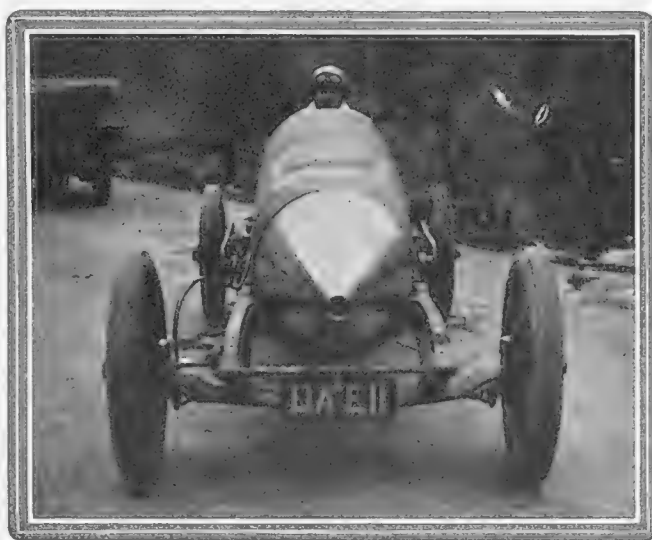
**Brooklands April Meeting.** An excellent programme is to be offered at the

Brooklands April Meeting (27th and 28th). It will comprise an event for the Second Raglan Cup, won on Easter Monday by a 15.8-h.p. Sunbeam; the Second 21-h.p. Rating Race, won first this year by Mr. W. H. Bashall's 20-h.p. Vauxhall; the April Junior and Senior Handicaps; the April Private Junior and Senior Handicaps; the April Sprint Race; the Fourth Sizaire-and-Naudin Race; and a Relay Race for two motor-cars of 60-h.p., combined R.A.C. rating. Four motor-cycle events will also be included. The Relay Race takes place over two circuits of the course, one car from each team starting for the first circuit. The second car of each team is stationed on the finishing-line, the driver being in his driving-seat. On the completion of the first circuit, the driver of the first car hands his dispatch to his waiting comrade, who at once gets away for the completion of the second lap. This event will afford opportunities for the exhibition of rapid starting and getting under way, as the second car starts from rest.

**An Ideal Italian Pneumatic.**

The **Pirelli** tyre leapt into prominence by its behaviour on the car driven by Prince Borghese from Pekin to Paris, and also on the ultimately incinerated vehicle driven by Signor Scarfolio from New York to the Gay City. The mechanic on the latter vehicle was astounded at the durability of the Pirellis, for their total tyre-consumption between Yokohama and Paris was seven covers only. The reliability and durability of the Pirelli tyres is due to the

fact that the human element has been almost entirely eliminated from the process of their construction. These covers are made with round, square, or steel-studded non-skid treads. In the latter case the metal studs project through a band of tough chrome leather, and are so secured and bedded that they can neither tear out of the leather nor punch through the carcass beneath. Messrs. Pirelli also make the Pirelli reinforced inner tube, which has a special insertion of elastic Egyptian cotton webbing in the base, which absolutely prevents tearing or cracking.



LIKE THE NOZZLE OF A HOSE-PIPE! THE CURIOUSLY SHAPED 21-H.P. SUNBEAM SEEN AT BROOKLANDS THE OTHER DAY.

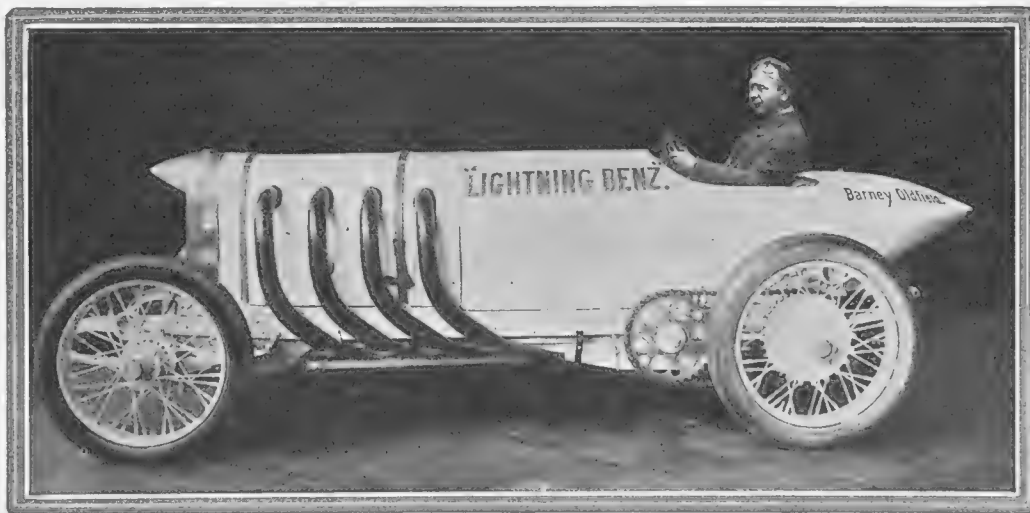
*Photograph by Central News.*

death of M. Le Blon is a blow to Messrs. Humber, Ltd., who had retained him as their guide, philosopher, and friend in their embarkation upon the aeroplane industry.

**Rolls a Flier Indeed.**

As the Hon. Charles S. Rolls became one of our most enthusiastic pioneer motorists (to such effect, indeed, that one of the most perfect and refined cars built in the world to-day is part-named after him), so he stands at the present moment at the head of our British aviators. A few days ago Mr. Rolls made a flight which exceeds anything

yet accomplished in this country, and parallels, if it does not excel, anything achieved elsewhere. On the day in question he flew from his hangar at Shellness clean out to the western end of the island, rising with great steadiness all the time, so that when he got back to Eastchurch he had reached a height registered by his aneroid to be one thousand feet, with the wind blowing at thirty miles per hour. Passing Eastchurch, he flew over to Shellness



THE REMARKABLE CAR OF A WORLD'S-RECORD-BREAKER: BARNEY OLDFIELD ON HIS LIGHTNING BENZ.

*Photograph by Fleet Agency.*

again, descending as he did so, circled the Short Factory, and, making once more for Eastchurch, came down right in front of his hangar. The machine was a Short-Wright, fitted behind the rudders with a stabilising tail, 10 ft. by 2 ft. By this feat Mr. Rolls has placed himself in the front rank of aviators, with such men as Farman, Latham, or Paulhan.

*[Continued on a later page.]*



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Epsom Spring.** It is only right and proper that the Cockney crowd should continue to patronise the only free and open meeting left in the immediate neighbourhood of London, and it is safe to predict that Epsom Downs will be black with people on Tuesday and Wednesday next. The big event on the opening day will be the race for the Great Metropolitan, and we get so few long-distance races at this early season that the Publicans' Derby, as it has been called, is always a big attraction. According to present arrangements, the field will be quite up to the average, and the winner will take some finding. My final for the race will be found elsewhere. It goes without saying that Dean Swift will carry a lot of public money for the City and Suburban. The old horse is well, and he is certain to go close. If the colours of the King are carried to victory by Minoru we may look for another big scene on the course, as the people dearly love to see the royal colours in the van. Sir Bold, who belongs to Colonel Hall Walker, is a bit of a tip; and Land League, who has been doing strong work for some time at Newmarket, is certain to put in a good performance over this course. My present opinion is that Minoru, if fit and well, will win easily, as I know the horse met with a lot of bad luck in the race for the St. Leger, and it may be that, after all, he is a bit better than we have thought him to be. He will be ridden at Epsom by H. Jones, who was born near the course, and who, by-the-bye, is very successful in races on the round track. Christmas Daisy, if started, will run a lot better than he did at Lincoln, but the stable could be represented by Canonite, who, in my opinion, was most unlucky when beaten by Acunha colt.

**Jockeys.** The report that Maher is to receive £4000 for riding Neil Gow in the Derby proves that really good jockeys are scarce in this country just now. I quite agree that Maher is worth the money, for you can depend on him at all times to do the best possible with the horse he is riding; and if the animal is good enough, you need have no fear as to the capacity of the rider. All the same, it is sad to know that one or two of our jockeys are earning so much when the majority of the others are earning so little. Indeed, I heard of a case the other day of a leading lightweight who had the offer to ride any one of six horses in a big handicap, and his fee was to run into thousands if he were successful. I think our trainers are to blame for the paucity of good jockeys in England at the present time. They work hard to run successful apprentices, and when the latter have

lost their claim to the 5-lb. allowance, they let them drift into mediocrity instead of working hard to get them good horses to ride. What is the consequence? When a boy gets out of his time, he finds it difficult to earn a living in the saddle, simply because his average has been killed by having to ride fat and unfit horses during, say, the last year of his apprenticeship. And here comes the question of fees. I certainly do think that any apprentice should get the benefit of two-thirds of any fee received by his master for his services, and this money ought to be banked and paid over when the jockey reaches the age of twenty-one. It is pitiful to know that the majority of our ex-apprentices are attempting just now to get a living by riding in foreign countries.



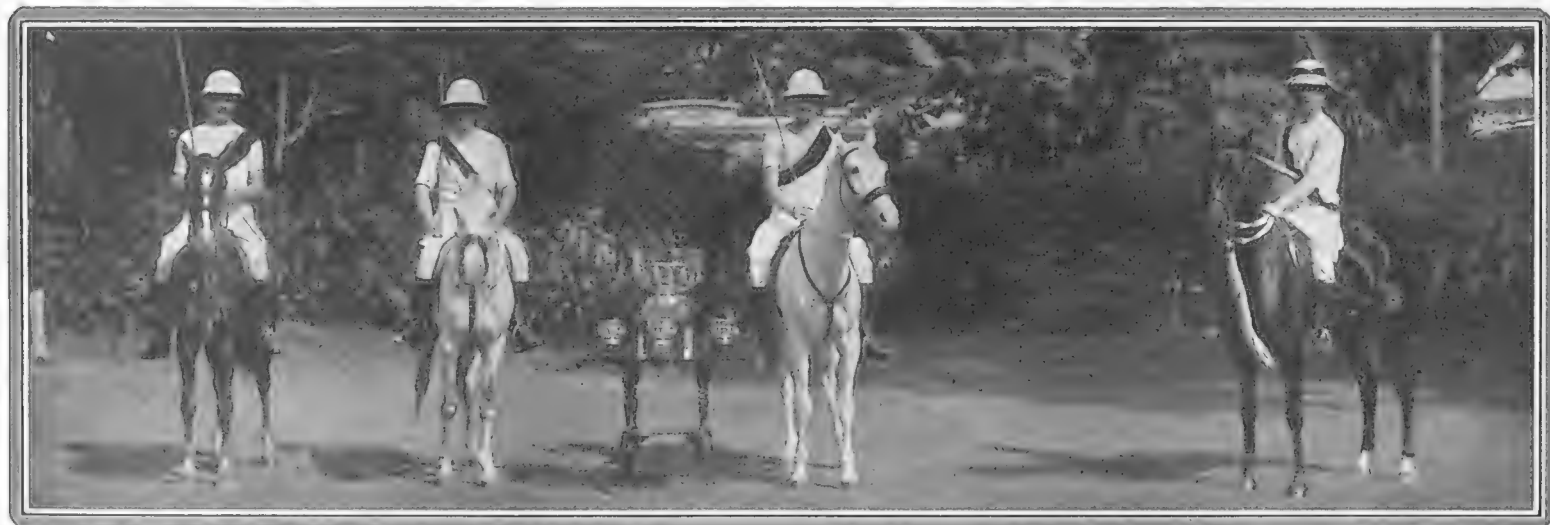
ABOUT OOF OR HOOF? MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD TELEGRAPHING DURING THE STEEPLECHASES OF THE VALE OF AYLESBURY HUNT.

*Photograph by the Sports Company.*

**Free Race-Cards.** The time has arrived to agitate once more for free race-cards. When I pleaded for music on our courses, many officials heaped ridicule upon my head, but "where ish dat barty now?" I was the first to agitate for cheap teas, and the clerk of the course who talked of my mawkish sentimentality is to my certain knowledge a 'vert, for I myself have seen him enjoying his cup of tea on the course. Now we want free race-cards, and the first official to give these to us will become famous in racing history. It is absurd to find, as we often do, a shortage of race-cards, and the public called upon to pay one, two, or even five shillings to see the bill of the play for which they have already paid one pound entrance-fee. In these days of big advertising, it would be the simplest matter in the world to get sufficient trade announcements to be able to give away race-cards, and the cost of distribution would be very little. I suggest that ten be put into each railway-carriage going to the course, so that travellers could, as now, analyse their cards on the way to the meeting. Then the gatekeepers could be ordered to give cards to anyone asking for them. The plan could be easily worked, and in a week or two many of us would be asking why the plan had not been adopted years ago. I feel

certain there are plenty of advertising agents who would gladly pay a big sum to be allowed to give away the Epsom racecards, provided they were allowed to print several columns of trade announcements in them; and this remark would equally apply to all the Park meetings in the district of the Metropolis; while the country meetings would, I feel sure, get all the advertisements they wanted from the local tradesmen.

*Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.*



POLO IN INDIA: THE CALCUTTA TEAM.

*Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd*

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Starve and Get Well.

A cure of a dazzling novelty is hotly recommended to a dyspeptic and neurasthenic generation. It consists in the simple, inexpensive plan of eating nothing whatever for a period of between five and twelve days. The author of "The Jungle," who is by way of being an experimenter in things social and medical, tries the starving cure regularly, and it is he who, in the pages of the staid *Contemporary*

*Review*, strenuously urges his readers to abstain from all sustenance but cold water for the inside of a fortnight. At the first blush, it sounds a drastic and somewhat dangerous remedy for dyspepsia; but if the cure "catches on" in London society, it will save hostesses a vast deal of trouble and expense, for so contagious are these latter-day epidemics of remedies for health and longevity that it is Lombard Street to a China orange that, at any given festivity, more than half the guests will soon be "starving." For it is not to be supposed that you lie on your back and give up mundane pleasures while undergoing the newest "cure." Mr. Upton Sinclair describes himself as taking long walks and doing literary work on a meagre diet of cold water, and of feeling mightily uplifted and spiritual withal. We know that the saints of old had visions and ecstasies on a menu of lentils and eau-de-source, and who knows if our modern dinner-parties may not acquire a less material and cynical tone when half the guests take nothing but a glass of water?



[Copyright.]

A COAT OF STRIPED SUMMER TWEED, WITH LAWN COLLAR AND VELVET BUTTONS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

may arrest a small British subject for being "insufficiently clothed," opens up the most fantastic possibilities. Those well-meaning parents, for instance, who send out their children in the parks bare-legged and bare-footed, or, at most, shod with a sandal, with never a hat to their heads, and decidedly breezy about the bronchial tubes, may find themselves in a police-court for their pains. Is the unwashed child not to go without boots in the street, when parents who have all the newest fads may send out their babies with entirely insufficient clothing? Where, too, is this drastic law to stop? Will all the "sun and air" cures have to put up their shutters because the interesting patients take their exercise with hardly anything on? Can boat-races be rowed, foot-races run, or suburban paper-chases be followed if everyone has to be *collet-monté* out of doors? Must Constable XB take up a coign of vantage at the hall-doors of Mayfair and forcibly arrest those ladies who wantonly expose their pulmonary organs to the bitter blasts of London nights in May and June?

## The Standard of the Sister.

It is a curious but well-ascertained fact that all men—at any rate, young men—have a perfectly different standard for their own and other people's sisters. Their own particular female relative must wear a sweet smile and a picture-hat; her hair must be neat, her clothes inconspicuous, her manners perfect, and her conversation without reproach. They insist on this standard within the circle of their own family, and carefully avoid other men's sisters who conform to this rigid category of the feminine virtues. If a modern youth were

to meet this ideal Young Person at a ball he would, in all probability, leave her with her back to the wall, while he romped round the room with some saucy minx in the most abbreviated skirt and eccentric headgear, whom he would afterwards describe as "ripping." Such is human inconsistency. But, all the same, the standard of the sister is not a bad one for a brother to make comparisons by. If it is a little hard on the females of the family, he has, at any rate, something to go by, an ideal (which may be fictitious) to which to live up. The youth who, in criticising some temporary Fair, demands of himself, "Would I like my sister to behave as she does?" is a civilised being exercising his judgment and free will. Whether the sisters should be sacrificed on the altar of an impossible ideal is a moot point. Possibly, being modern, and therefore complex, the Young Person of to-day knows how to reconcile the claims of her fraternal relatives and the tastes of her masculine friends.

## Twentieth Century Snobs.

With the rise of democracy and the spread of Socialism, British snobbishness has taken on another aspect, and is now more akin to the intellectual variety of this disease, which flourishes in Paris and Berlin; for *le snobisme*, in France, means a desire to follow ultra-modern fashions in literature, art, and music, rather than the ambition to be on a duchess's visiting-list or to figure in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

It is, indeed, a convenient phrase to cover the intellectual aspirations of the foolish crowd, who, having no judgment and afraid to be left behind, follow in the wake of the "new" critics, who are often as mentally snobbish as their sheep-like followers. In short, the female snob of to-day, instead of concentrating her ambitions and energies on the bazaars of charitable Marchionesses, turns her efforts at being seen at the latest opera by Strauss or play by Shaw, and to trying to understand the true inwardness of Nietzsche. The simple British snob, described by Thackeray, who sat and thumbed the "Peerage and Baronetage," and who was inordinately elated when a carriage and pair rolled up to his house, is well-nigh extinct, I should fancy, in these islands. But, on the other hand, we have an ever-increasing number of ingenuous folk who would have you suppose that, intellectually, they keep the best company, and that Pegasus himself occasionally stands champing at their doors.



[Copyright.]

A LATTICE EVENING GOWN WITH BLACK EMBROIDERY AND FRINGE OVER WHITE NINON-DE-SOIE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Two Captured Coronets.

The wedding of Miss Margaretta Drexel to Viscount Maidstone is provisionally fixed for June 8. The date may be altered, but not by much. If it be adhered to, the next day will see Miss Mildred Carter converted into Viscountess Acheson, and this pretty American girl will be chief bridesmaid to her friend the day before she herself becomes a bride. Mrs. Drexel and her daughter returned to Grosvenor Square about ten days ago, and sailed on Saturday in the *Lusitania* for New York, with Lord Maidstone, for the wedding of Mr. Anthony Drexel jun. to Miss Marjorie Gould.

**An Empire Season.** It is not the French Empire that will be the fashion this year, but the British. The great Pageant of Empire at the Crystal Palace is attracting quantities of visitors from our daughter nations across the sea. Once again Sydenham is to attract Society within its palace of glass. Several Colonial Governments are sending over representatives whose expenses will be paid from embarking to their re-landing, and who will have their own pocket-money to spend over here. These Empire guests are to be hospitably entertained, and I hear that already the nobility and gentry, to use an old phrase, have booked tables and boxes to dine and pageant at the Palace, which will be a smart thing to do. I hope that the caterers will put their best cooks foremost and provide food worthy of the Empire!

**Sweet Lavender.** In the growing of lavender there is no country like our own. The plant played a conspicuous part in the simples made by our ancestresses—an art that is a real loss, for loss it undoubtedly is. Its place is efficiently taken, so far as lavender is concerned, by Elsenham lavender-water, distilled from the flowers grown on Mr. H. Cotterell's lavender-fields at Elsenham, Essex. It is delicious and refreshing, and retains its perfume. At the Royal Horticultural Exhibition it was specially noticed. It is distilled on the estate, bottled and matured for three years, with a perfect result. We buy all sorts of preparations to save annoyance by flies and insects. A good lasting lavender perfume like that of the Elsenham Water is a perfect protection, and a very pleasant one.

**An English Home.** Our home's characteristic is its cleanliness, neatness, daintiness, and niceness. Curtains we are particularly strong in. "Show me her windows, and I'll tell you what kind of wife she is," is an axiom in our island. Nottingham lace is one thing to help to a charming window effect. For curtains, carpets, linoleums, and blinds, Gorrings and Co., Queen's Walk, Nottingham, have a well-earned and very wide reputation. Their stock is enormous, and a great variety of choice at all prices is ensured to their customers. They issue a large and profusely illustrated catalogue, which will be found invaluable to the right kind of wives, now busy over spring cleanings.

**A Magic Chair.** Masters of beneficent magic are Messrs. J. Foot and Sons, 171, New Bond Street. I saw yesterday a wonderful library-chair which they have just perfected. It is an armchair, to all intents and purposes—an ordinary, first-rate, comfortable one. When you know the ropes, a large reading-desk

is produced from underneath and placed firmly in front for writing or reading, while a smaller one on a jointed bracket holds a work of reference. There is a leg-rest, which draws out and can be fixed at any angle. There is a little lever at one side, the pressing of which depresses the back of the chair to any position with the merest touch; on being released, the back follows its occupant up. Nor is this all: in each arm is concealed a solid table, which is drawn up, turned back at either side, and the occupant can have all round him, while he sits at ease, everything he can want for study, work, or a meal. It is a chair to rest in, a chair to work in, and in which to do either very luxuriously.

**Our British Bard.** An Empire season would be incomplete without due honour to our British bard whose works are the bright and particular treasures of our literature. Therefore the season will be marked by special efforts in aid of the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre. Of these a chief one will be a Shakespearean Theatre Ball in the Albert Hall on June 27. The Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Wemyss, and scores of other influential ladies are interested, and will arrange processions representing Shakespeare's Plays. Mrs. George Cornwallis West is Chairman of the Ball Committee. It promises to be such an affair as has never been seen in London before, and, as we are in for a friendly invasion from beyond seas, our ladies will see to it that it be worthy of Britain and her great immortal bard.

**The Lattice Lady.** In the fashions of the hour, a conspicuous part is played by lattice-work. It clings in the way in which smart garments are expected to cling, and it is graceful and effective. On "Woman's Ways" page, a drawing is reproduced of a lattice evening-gown in black embroidery and fringe over white non-de-soie. On the same page a coat is illustrated which sounds one of the latest notes of style by having a lawn collar. The coat is of striped summer tweed, finished with velvet buttons.

Lord Blyth has returned from the South of France, looking even more like Sir W. Q. Orchardson's portrait than when he left London. The artist is his neighbour in Portland Place, and this latest work, a marvellous example of the cunning retained by a hand seventy-five years old, will compensate in part for the absence from the Academy of any portrait by Mr. Sargent.

We are asked to state that Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's book, "Mrs. Skeffington," reviewed in a recent number of this paper, is not to be published by Messrs. Methuen until the 21st of this month, the date of publication having been altered.

On the occasion of the fêtes at Monaco in connection with the opening of the Oceanographical Museum presented by the Prince of Monaco, his Serene Highness housed his guests at the Hôtel Métropole, and arranged with the management of the hotel to provide the official luncheon at the museum. Over three hundred were present. The luncheon to representatives of the Press next day was given at the Métropole.

To be able to carry a handy boot-cleaning apparatus about when travelling is often a great convenience. The "Nugget" waterproof polishes are put up in small, neat metal boxes, containing a tin of polish, a brush, and a velvet polisher. They can be had in black or brown, and by means of the former, brown boots when soiled can at any time be turned into black. The Nugget Polish Company, whose goods can be obtained through any boot-shop, also supply, in bottles, a white cleaner for buckskin or canvas boots and shoes.



AN APPROPRIATE TABLE-PIECE FOR A CAVALRY REGIMENT: A SILVER STATUETTE PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 37TH LANCERS.

This fine equestrian statuette, in solid silver, which forms a fitting centre-piece for the dinner-table of a cavalry regiment, has been presented to the Officers' Mess of the 37th Lancers by the officers serving with the regiment in 1909. It was designed and made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 220, Regent Street; 158, Oxford Street; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



LITERATURE IN AN EASY CHAIR: THE ACME OF LUXURIOUS COMFORT FOR THE LIBRARY.

The above chair, of which a description is given on this page, is made by Messrs. J. Foot and Sons, 171, New Bond Street, W.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 27.*

## TWO RHODESIANS.

BEFORE the shares wandered up to half-a-sovereign, nobody had a good word to say for the Wanderers; but now they have become quite a favourite tip. The crowd which works the market has an experience in such matters which wants a lot of beating, so the game is not to go deeper into Wanderers than you can afford. Out of them, however, there's a quite possible florin a share to be picked up if the purchase be made on a flat day. That other much overrated affair, the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, was a very fine speculation when its shares were tipped here at six or seven shillings; and, although we should say that the shares are not worth the money, at the same time it looks as if the insiders mean to give the price a leg-up to the neighbourhood of fifteen shillings.

## NIGERS.

Holding Niger shares ourselves (bought at the top), we are, of course, singularly impartial in discussing the superlative merits of the concern as a magnificent purchase of the most gilt-edged, not to say ironclad, description, compared with which Consols are shaky and Rubber shares a blatant swindle. To speak the truth, however—a difficult enough matter, as one or two of our readers know—Niger shares at  $3\frac{3}{4}$  are, to our mind, a good speculative purchase in view of the activity amongst the Tin Companies which abound in the Niger area, and whose shares have lately been the subject of so much attention in the West African Market. When the Rubber boom subsides, the Jungle will break out again into cheerfulness and the Tin gamble continue as if nothing had happened to disturb it. In those days we shall see Nigers over £4. At least, so we hope, for reasons we should never dream of mentioning outside our broker's office.

## WHY NOT?

You may be led to suppose, from the deadness of the market, that Liptons are done for, their spurt gone and their spirit broken. A mistake, good friends. In addition to doing well, the Company, as you are aware, has Rubber on its estates, and the shares carry a dividend of probably a shilling, payable next month. So at six-and-twenty shillings Liptons possess distinct possibilities, and as the shares generally get somewhat lively as the dividend time draws near—well, we might see some life in the old shares yet.

## JUST GAMBLERS.

A few weeks back, you could hardly sell Murchison Associated at any price—those shilling shares, with ninepence apiece paid-up. Within the past week, the Company has struck both a reef and rubber on its property, and so the price rose to half-a-crown, and is talked to double that. It is a wild gamble, and about its only attraction is the low value of the price. Another thing being talked higher is Broken Hill South Extended. Here the quotation is something like four shillings, and a dividend is talked of! There is a deal on foot which may result in the price being pushed up a few shillings, but anyone embarking on the speculation ought to do so in the full knowledge that it is just a mining gamble.

## OIL.

Naturally, one wants to be in the swim as regards Oil, but, cautiously, one is rather afraid to touch it. The temptation to have a dash is great, because business is active, and at dinner in the City hotels one sees the Oil-jobbers draining the portly magnum, which speaks with such winning eloquence of prosperous times, if late work at the office. We profess no inner acquaintance with—no, we were not going to say the champagne, but—the ramifications of the groups that are directing the Oil Market; but good people tell us to have Spies Maikop, and that Shells will burst into a fresh vigour of buoyancy when the immediate selling pressure is withdrawn. Spies themselves, even now, are among the best of the group, and Baku—those 10s. shares with 4s. liability—are declared to be going to their par value. Standard Oils may be well enough for gambling purposes, but they appeal to us for nothing else (except to bear); and of the high-priced shares Burmah Oils are probably the best.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Has the Rubber boom perished yet?" asked Our Stroller.

"Rotten. pun! Perished? Bless my soul, it hasn't even started!" and the broker took up the telephone as it rang on his table.

"Shall I retire?" suggested our friend; but the broker shook his head and listened intently.

"Buy a thousand at three bob premium for Special. Right, Sir; I'll report in ten minutes," and he called a clerk and told him to telephone to So-and-So.

"You don't deal in Rubber after hours, do you?" queried Our Stroller. "It's half-past six, you know. Everyone's gone, surely."

The broker smiled enigmatically, and the clerk came in to say they were engaged.

"Try—". And he ran off the names of four other firms. The boy disappeared, and after five minutes came back to say that every one was engaged.

"Send Smith in. Look here, Smith, run up to So-and-So, and take that thousand shares he offered me at three shillings. Try to screw him down a bit. And—"

The telephone claimed more attention, and Smith, who had seen this game before, discreetly waited.

"Hullo! Oh, yes, Mrs.— How are you? Well, the market is quite good, and your shares have risen to four-and-nine premium. Another—how many? Five hundred, and fifty more for your cook? Oh, certainly. Not at all: no bother whatever. Yes, I'll ring you up later. Good-bye."

"See if you can get a price in them at the same time, Smith. Don't give more than four-and-six, unless you're compelled"

"Wire, Sir."

The broker tore open the envelope.

"Here, Smith; Smith, where the— Oh, here you are. Look, here are five hundred to sell, so go to any pal of yours you like and put the business through his books for three-halfpence a share. Give the seller the middle price, and make the old lady pay three-halfpence more. That's fairest. Cut on; I want to report all these."

Smith laughed, and said he supposed he must put off his lunch for another half-hour.

"Can't be helped, you know," said the broker to Our Stroller, as the former started to sign the two-inch pile of contracts lying in front of him. "Strenuous times, these. And precious little to show for it. The jobbers are making all the money, the dev— Oh, curse that telephone!" and he picked up the receiver again.

"Can I tell you when the Special Settlement will be? Fraid I can't do that. It isn't fixed yet. Eh? Ten shares at— Look here, old man, you try another broker. Bye-bye."

"We can't deal in ten of these Penny Bazaar shares just now," he rattled on. "And the ten-share gentleman is far more exacting than the man who wants to deal in a couple of thou."

"Do you call the florin shares Penny Bazaars?"

"That's it. And bizarre enough some of them are, too!" He laughed absent-mindedly at his own joke, and signed contracts with the energy of despair at getting them off by the last mails.

"What do you consider the best of them? Am I hindering you?"

"Not a bit. We like it. Habit is second nature. All the two-shilling shares are too high."

Our Stroller has a genius for overlooking inconvenient hints, and persisted in his demand for the best of the florin-share Companies.

"Meritini is a good one; Strathisla, Bode, Kisumu, Diamantino, Beverley, Victoria Malaya, Ceylon Consols, Henriquez South—all too high, and all likely to go higher if the public keep on buying."

"As they will do."

"It looks like it. London Sumatras, pound shares for Special, I'm told, are remarkably cheap at fifteen shillings premium."

"I fancy the Options," said our friend. "If only I'd had Rubber Trust Options or Java Investment Options when they started!"

"Wouldn't have been a bad idea, would it?" said the broker. "Why not take a hand in the Mid-East Options? I've got some myself, and I fancy they will grow into money. Oh, I wish that telephone would go to— Well? Yes, that's me. Ceylon Travancores are fancied a good deal, but I don't think you'll hurt. Buy a brace of thousands? All serene oh!"

The authorised clerk came back into the office, and was at once requested to ring up the best market in Ceylon Travancores.

"The boy's hanging on the line at the moment," said Smith.

"Then what does he mean by—? Here, tell him to step off, if he doesn't want to lose his bonus this week."

"He's telephoning to the Great Eastern for bed-rooms, I fancy. Not that many of us are likely ever to get there," and he smiled with the thin smile of intense fatigue.

The broker had gone out to see another man in the outer office.

## NITRATES AND RUBBERS.

It is probably a complete waste of time and printer's ink to suggest that the ideal time to acquire an interest in an industry is when that industry is temporarily depressed, as is the case now with the Nitrate trade; but, nevertheless, it may be worth while to point out that in the long run the present condition of affairs will prove advantageous to all the best Companies; first, because the weaker concerns are being crushed out of existence, and, secondly, because the low price of nitrate is causing a rapid increase in consumption, and this in time will bring about conditions in which a fresh Combination can be negotiated. In the meantime, with production unlimited, many Companies are likely to show better results than in the last twelve months. At the meeting of the *Liverpool Nitrate Company* last November, Sir Robert Harvey remarked that "he looked forward with every hope and belief, and, in fact, security, that the next time they met they would have a far more pleasant tale to tell their shareholders." Other good Companies besides the *Liverpool* are *Anglo-Chilean*, *Colorado*, *Lagunas Syndicate*, *Rosario*, and *Salar del Carmen*.

With regard to the dividends shortly to be declared by the principal Rubber Companies, it should be remembered that far the greatest profits will be shown by those Companies—(1) which have never sold any of their crop forward, and (2) whose financial year ends on March 31. Rubber Companies sell their produce in London about three months after it is collected; consequently those whose year ends on March 31 sell their crops from about July to the end of the following June,



and it was in July of last year that the big rise in the price of rubber began. Three Companies which have never sold ahead, and whose year ends in March, are *Vallambrosa*, *Bukit Rajah*, and *Federated Selangor*, and the figures below represent approximately the profit which has been earned in the past year, and will appear in the annual reports issued in July. The average price of plantation rubber for the first two quarters is taken from Messrs. Hickson Brothers' tables; during the third quarter the price rose rapidly from 7s. 3d. to 11s., and for the last quarter I have assumed it will remain at about that figure.

VALLAMBROSA.				
Crop.	lb.	Average price per lb.		
April-June...	73,198	July-Sept.	8s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Profit.
July-Sept. ...	94,704	Oct.-Dec.	8s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Profit per lb.
Oct.-Dec. ...	113,000	Jan.-March	9s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	£24,704 ... 6s. 9d.
Jan.-March ...	90,000	April-June	11s. 0d.	£35,514 ... 7s. 6d.
				£45,200 ... 8s. 0d.
				£42,750 ... 9s. 6d.

Estimated profit for year ... .. £148,168

BUKIT RAJAH.				
April-June...	54,435	July-Sept.	8s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Profit.
July-Sept. ...	66,230	Oct.-Dec.	8s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Profit per lb.
Oct.-Dec. ...	72,822	Jan.-March	9s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	£18,371 ... 6s. 9d.
Jan.-March ...	115,373	April-June	11s. 0d.	£24,838 ... 7s. 6d.
				£29,129 ... 8s. 0d.
				£54,802 ... 9s. 6d.

Estimated profit for year ... .. £127,140

FEDERATED SELANGOR.				
April-June...	20,574	July-Sept.	8s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Profit.
July-Sept. ...	23,515	Oct.-Dec.	8s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Profit per lb.
Oct.-Dec. ...	27,549	Jan.-March	9s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	£6,943 ... 6s. 9d.
Jan.-March ...	29,866	April-June	11s. 0d.	£8,817 ... 7s. 6d.
				£11,019 ... 8s. 0d.
				£14,157 ... 9s. 6d.

Estimated profit for year ... .. £40,936

I fancy these figures may prove interesting, and perhaps surprising, to some of your readers. I estimate that Vallambrosa will pay a final dividend in July of 4s. per share, or 200 per cent; Bukit Rajah 24s. per share, or 120 per cent.; and Federated Selangor 16s. per share, or 80 per cent., making the total dividends for the past year 266 $\frac{2}{3}$  per cent., 180 per cent., and 140 per cent. respectively. Q.

Saturday, April 9, 1910.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GLASWEGIAN.—All good, but do not know much of the third in your list.

CONSTANT READER.—We agree that the shares are still not over-valued.

TAKE CARE.—Hold for the present.

INVINCIBLE.—Both good speculative investments, and worth holding, apart from the Rubber boom. There are Companies we prefer.

APPRECIATE.—We hardly know how to advise. We have no faith in the business; but if you are game for a risk, you may easily make a pound a share profit if the Company does a little better. It has a bad name because it has been in difficulties, and everybody is expecting a smash some fine day.

SANTOS.—We do not think it has been well subscribed, but the loan is not a bad investment to hold and pay 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

PREMIUM.—We do not advise this class of securities; but if you deal with N. Keizer and Co., of 31, Threadneedle Street, you will get the bonds at proper market prices.

JAP.—(1) Yes. As to the Company's year we can only say that current

report is as you say. (2) We think Great Northern and London and South Western Deferred are both good purchases.

PICTORIALS.—Your 7 per cent. at least is as secure as it can be from newspaper enterprise. We think you may hold. Price about 1s. premium.

ARAM.—(1) We doubt it. (2) It means that the Government may pay off the holders by giving them £100 (or par) for each £2 10s. a year it now pays. The payment off is very unlikely.

ANSWERS.—We will make some inquiries, and let you know next week.

HAVANA.—Our views and yours are identical.

PETER.—(1) The mine is a low-grade proposition. Average yield about 20s. a ton, with a profit of 5s. The life is calculated to be about five years, but may be extended by reason of the reduction in working costs, bringing payable ore into play. On this you can judge whether to average or not. (2) As the shares are all to bearer, the only way notice can be given is by advertisement: the Bank will always tell you if you write and inquire.

J. H. A.—Your letter has been answered.

CONSTANT READER.—Thanks for tips, which we have noted.

Among the lower-priced shares which have lately come into prominence in the Rubber Market are those of the Ceylon Travancore and the Ceylon Rubber, Tea and General Produce Companies. Both these undertakings have already reached the producing stage, and the brisk demand for the Ceylon Travancore has carried the two-shilling shares to three shillings premium, while the five-shilling shares of the Ceylon Rubber, Tea and General Produce Company have been bid up to a premium of 3s. 9d. The prospects of the two Companies are regarded as being bright, and their shares should appeal to investors. It is expected that nearly one-half of the 40,780 trees on the Ceylon Travancore property will be tapped this year, and that a dividend of 10 per cent. may be paid, even should Rubber fall to less than one-half its present price, which is most unlikely. When the two Companies are in full operation the official estimates look as if they will be able to yield the shareholders from 50 to 60 per cent. per annum.

The public are being invited to subscribe to a strong Pioneer Company, registered under the name of (A.I.R.) Aviation Investment and Research, Ltd. On application to the secretaries of the Company, 33, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., a copy of the prospectus will be forwarded.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

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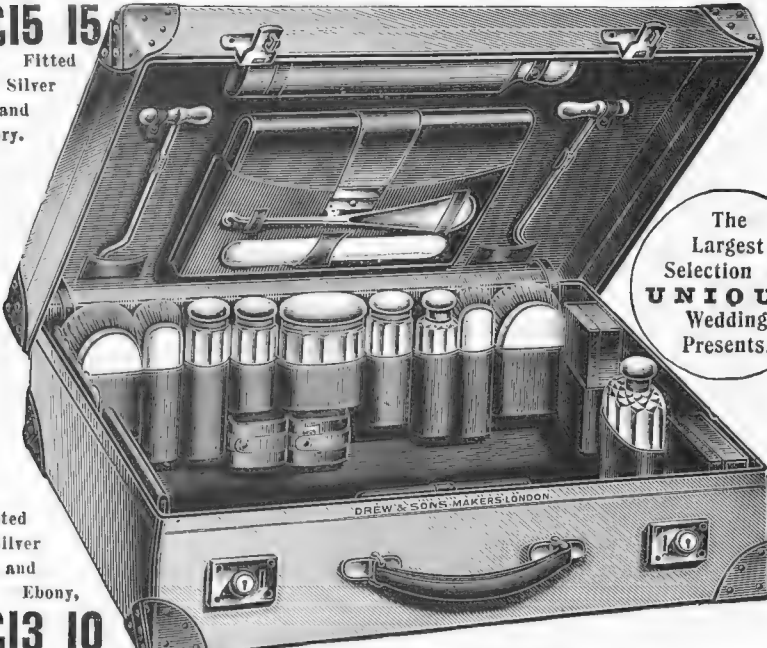
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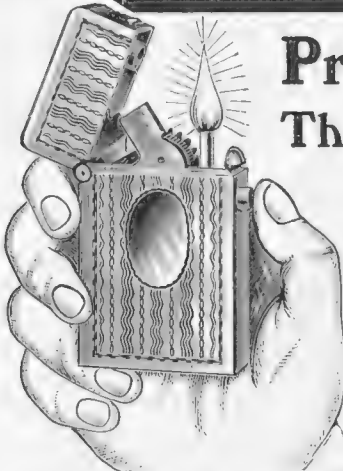
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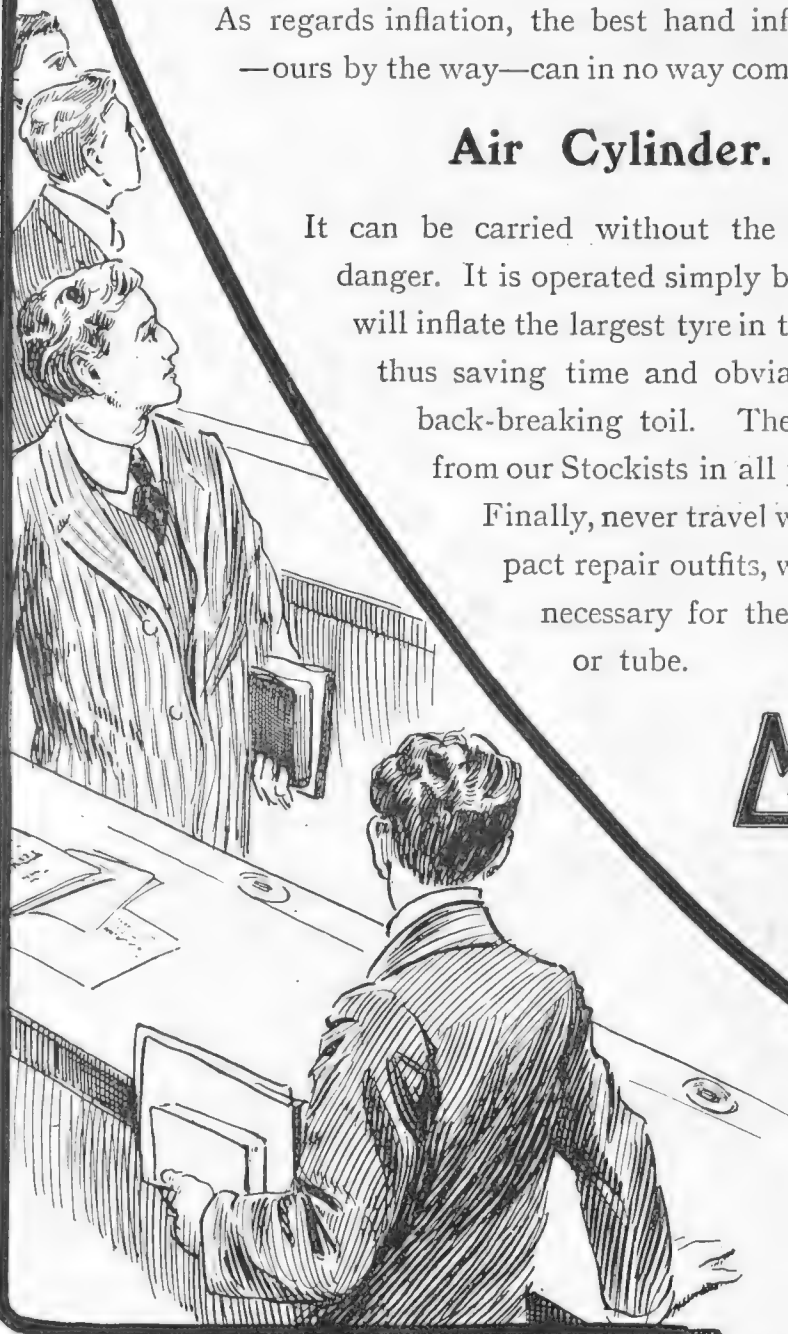
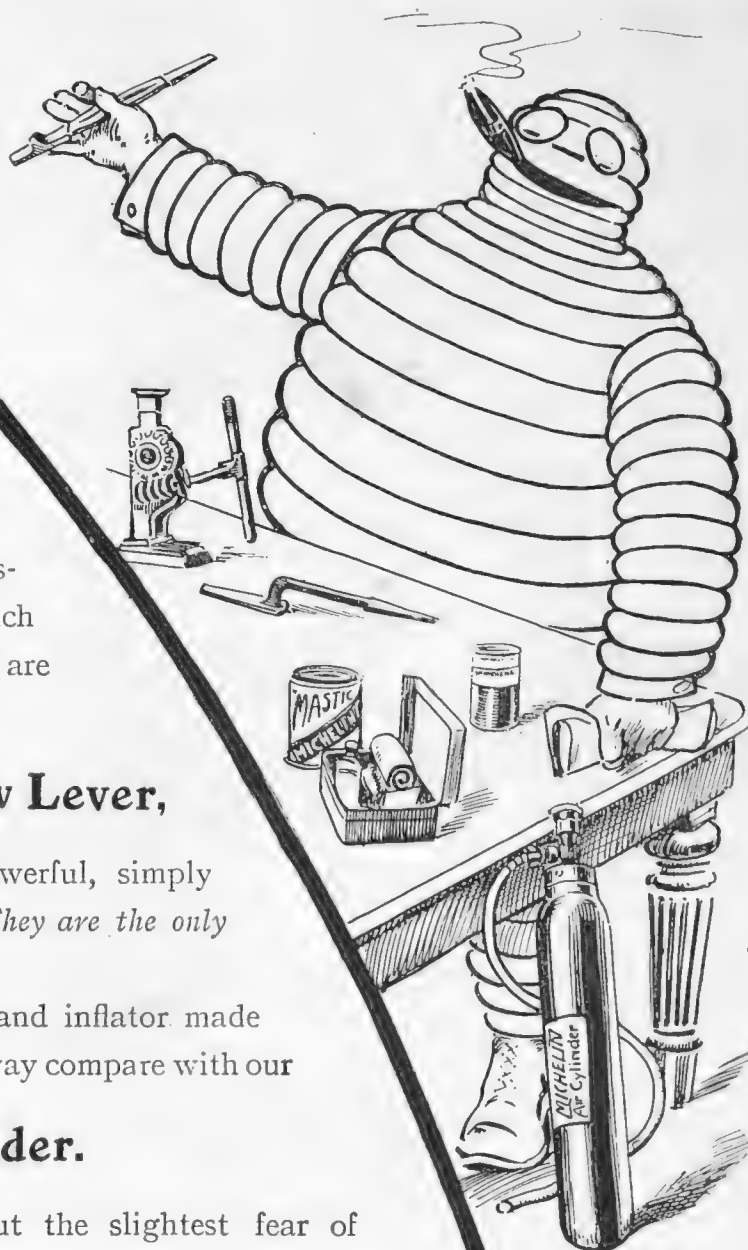
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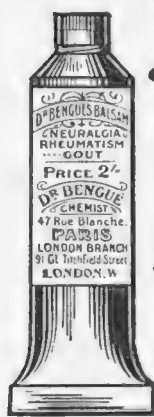
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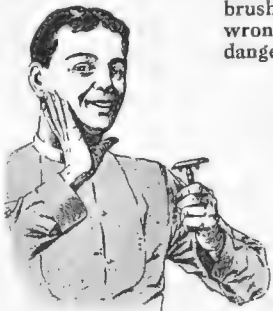


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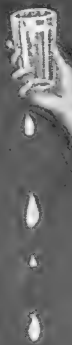
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# THE SCIENCE OF HARMONY.

By CURCULIO.



HARMONY is the just adaptation of parts to form a connected whole. It is easy to define; not always easy to achieve. It is applicable to most matters in life; necessary in a greater or lesser degree to the success of all.

I am chiefly concerned at present with its application to our immediate surroundings. Is there no amiable lady of your acquaintance whose expensively furnished boudoir or drawing-room reminds you of a Chapel Royal hung with banners won in battle? The Chapel Royal is well enough as it is, because it is a chapel royal; we cannot expect harmony among its trophies, because harmony was not considered when they were collected; of their very nature they are the records of discord, and this they continue fittingly enough to typify. The Chapel Royal would be wrong, however, if it reminded us of a lady's boudoir; and there you have the reason why the postulated boudoir is wrong. Money may have been spent all too lavishly upon it; pieces of furniture—beautiful, perhaps, in themselves—have been collected here and there at great cost. But there has been a fundamental error in considering each piece *per se* instead of in its relation to the whole, and the result has been incongruity and discord which reflects unfavourably upon the creator of such environment.

Now harmony in form and colour is matter for the artist, and he who furnishes would do well to remember this lest he should stand in danger of achieving merely a collection of moveables.



He would do well to enlist the assistance of an artist to guide him and advise him—that is to say, of one who understands the art of designing, making, and grouping furniture so thoroughly as to be worthy of being termed an artist. I am aware that such individuals are by no means easy to discover, but I have in mind as I write a firm that more than answers the description—a firm that for generations now has been accumulating experience and cultivating taste and artistry in furniture-making, and of which I need only add that it was the pioneer of the art of reproducing the antique—particularly the works of the fastidious eighteenth century masters. I am referring to Messrs. Bartholomew & Fletcher. From the moment you enter their establishment in the Tottenham Court Road (217-218), you are impressed by the sense of peace that reigns there; you become aware that you have entered an atmosphere of supreme good taste, such an atmosphere as you would delight to have your own house imbued with. Harmony is the explanation—a harmony so perfect and subtle, so subdued and elusive that only the artist who has achieved it can point out its secrets. Throughout their extensive showrooms you find that first impression repeated again and again, and you come upon grouping after grouping which represents the very last word in quiet, dignified taste. This wealth of artistry is at the disposal of their patrons. For whilst their prices will surprise you by their moderateness, their advice—upon which it would be difficult to set too high a value—you may have for the asking. I know of no other firm that I can more cordially recommend to those who may value harmony in their surroundings.

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**GOLDEN KITE**  
WITH THE  
SUPER-HARDENED  
SHELL





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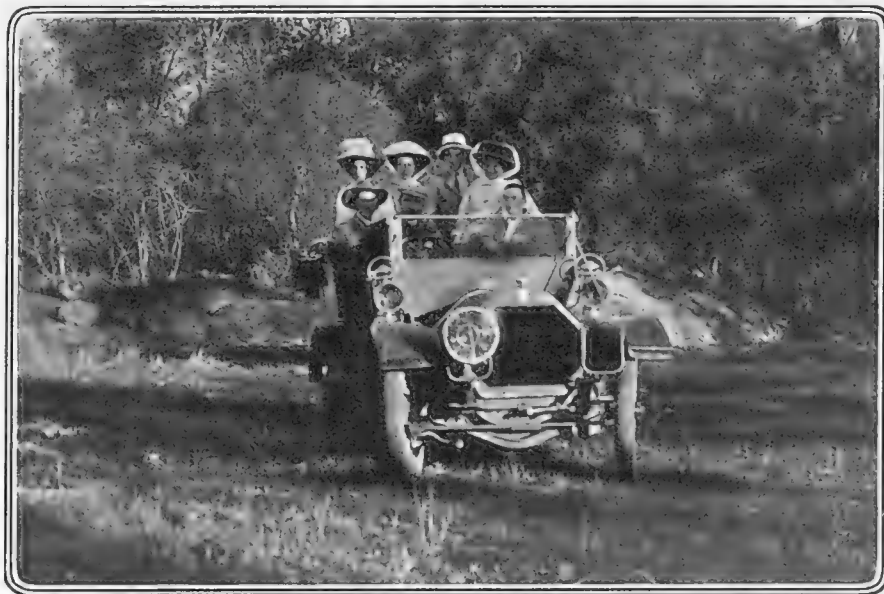
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**After Ten Years.** Ten years have nearly rolled away since the Thousand-Miles Trial of 1900, promoted by the Royal Automobile Club for the advancement of automobilism in this country. Nothing which has taken place of a similar nature since, in this country at least, has created so much interest or excited so much curiosity as this famous trial. Over nine-tenths of the distance covered, self-propelled vehicles ran where, save for those road-destroyers, traction-engines, self-propelled vehicles had never run before; and during the period of the trial, thousands upon thousands of the inhabitants of Great Britain looked upon a motor-car for the first time. The passage of these primitive cars through the country provoked the greatest enthusiasm, whole districts making universal holiday to watch the cars pass through. The trial started from Whitehall Place on the morning of April 23, 1900, and now it is proposed that as many of the gallant pioneers as possible who took part in that epoch-making tour shall gather together to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their good work. The commemoration will take the form of a luncheon at a town somewhere on the route followed in 1910. The Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, the Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, and a right good motorist, is responsible for the suggestion. Mr. Claude Johnson is the secretary.

**Taxation Made Easy.** The Royal Automobile Club must be credited with having done the State—the Automobile State, of course—some service by the issue of a useful little work, in which is set out a table of motor-cars manufactured during

the years from 1906 to 1910, inclusive. The particulars following the distinctive title and year of introduction of each car are accompanied by the number of its cylinders, their bore in millimetres, and the consequent rating of the engine as deduced from the R.A.C. formula, which, as is well known, takes cognisance of the cylinder-diameter only, and disregards the length of the stroke altogether. But as there is little doubt that the coming car-taxation will be based on this formula, the

results given in these tables will save the owner much calculation, and in due course, will undoubtedly be accepted by the Revenue officials.



ROUGH GOING IN RHODESIA: A HUMBER CAR CROSSING THE VELDT.

The car—a Humber—is crossing the veldt to the Kaml River, thirteen miles from Bulawayo. Captain Duly, D.S.O., is at the wheel, and next to him is Mr. Willing, the crack shot of Rhodesia. The car is reported to have behaved splendidly on the terrible country roads, a glimpse of which may be seen in the photograph, and with seven occupants this was a remarkable performance.

companion are concerned; but though the rear-seats may be all that is desirable in the matters of height, width, and slope, they are altogether without protection from front and back draughts. Moreover, when the Cape-cart hood is raised, they become a veritable cave of the winds. I was pleased to note that a repetition of the scuttle and screen is now advocated for the back seats, but it has yet to be carried into effect. Its adaptation to that portion of the car should not offer any serious difficulty to the astute body-designer.

**Protection for Back-Seaters.** In the design and construction of open touring bodies much thought and consideration have been given to the comfort and convenience of the occupants of the front seat, while the well-being of the occupants of the "back benches" has failed to obtain adequate attention. As ladies occupy these seats more frequently than not, it will be agreed that this is not as it should be. The torpedo type of body, with a properly proportioned scuttle-dash, screen, and high side-doors, makes for perfect comfort so far as the driver and his

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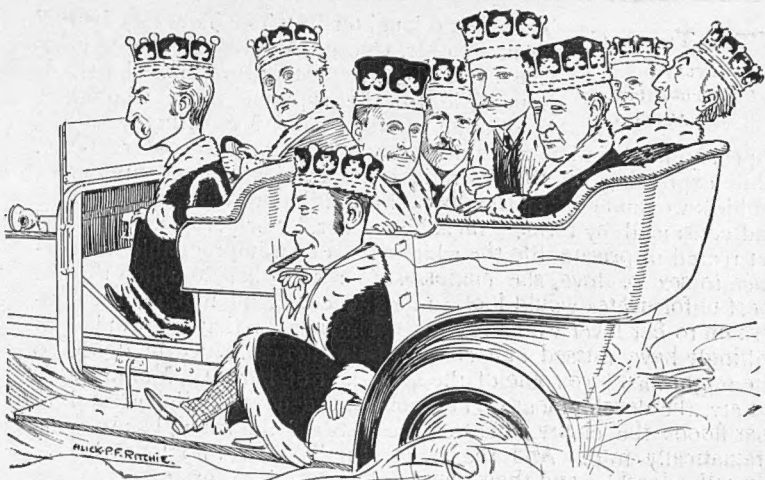


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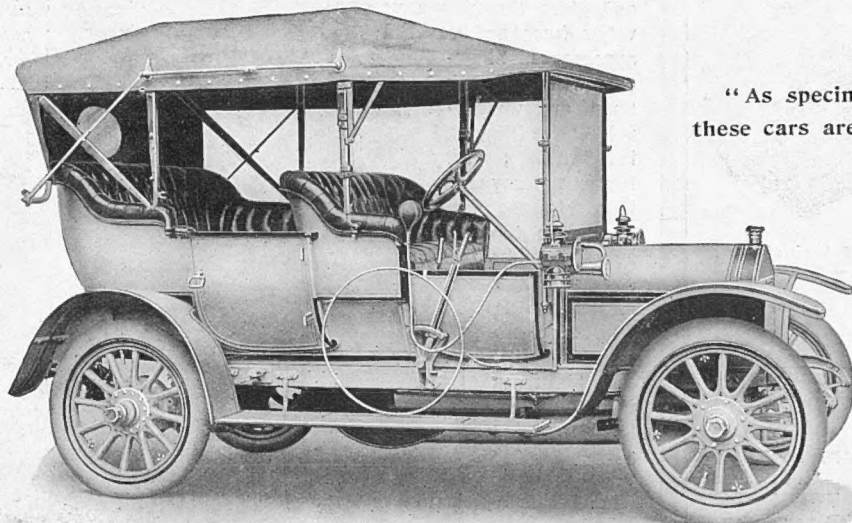
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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Helen with the High Hand."**By ARNOLD BENNETT.  
(Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Arnold Bennett is an Admirable Crichton of letters. He does so much, and whatever he does is done with an air which convinces one that this, after all, is his true expression, and here he is really at his best. His "Helen with the High Hand" is a Staffordshire story and belongs to one of the Five Towns; but it is not like "The Old Wives' Tale"—an exhaustive study of life followed with Thackeray-like cynicism and humour and disillusionment. With much slighter and lighter material, he has attuned his story—he calls it "an idyllic diversion"—to that exhilarating comedy which lives on the borderland of farce. Helen's high hand moulds men very much as men mould pots in her country. She is a school teacher in the ugly terracotta schools, alone, for she has got her only near relative, her mother, married and packed her off to farm in Canada; she has the genius for dress of a Parisian actress, and the instinct of getting her own way to a super-feminine extent. She decides to desert her school for her great step-uncle, a rich miser, who lives in a small house—rental, £18. And by the time her birthday arrives victory is hers. About half-past one in the night watches he said to himself—

"I'll give her a guinea to spend if she likes." It did genuinely seem to him a vast sum. A guinea to fritter away!

However, towards three o'clock its vastness had shrunk.

"Dashed if I don't give the wench a fiver!" he exclaimed. Upon this he slept soundly till six o'clock.

His mind then, unfortunately, got entangled in the painful episode of the ten-pound note.

"I'll give her a tenner." It was preposterous. She could not, of course, spend it. She would put it away. Upon this he rose.

Helen came out of the kitchen. He handed her a ten-pound note.

"Oh, thank you, uncle!" she cried, just on the calm side of effusiveness.

There was another ten-pound note in the cash-box. His fingers went for a stroll on their own account, and returned with that note.

"Hold on! And this!" And he gave her a second note.

He was much more startled than she was.

"Oh, thank you, Uncle!" And then laughing: "Why, it's nearly a sovereign for every year of my life!"

"How old art?"

"Twenty-six."

"I'm gone dotty!" he said to his soul. "I'm gone dotty!"

And his eyes watched his fingers take six sovereigns out of the box and count them into her small white hand. And his cheek felt her kiss.

It is delightful, but, after this episode, no longer wonderful to read how she removed herself with her great step-uncle from that £18 house to the historic mansion, emptied of its fallen Wilbrahams, and sold by them, furnished, for a mere song of £8000.

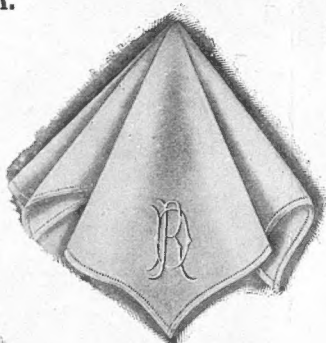
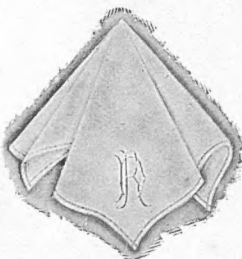
**"The Tower of Ivory."**By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.  
(John Murray.)

There is no laughter in "The Tower of Ivory." Years ago Mr. George Moore wrote an impressive book which went to prove that chastity is impossible to the supreme artist who sings Wagnerian passion. And Mrs. Atherton would appear to hold similar views, for though her marvellous Margarethe, while expressing on the operatic stage every soft enchantment of Isolde's womanhood, or the divine Brünnhilde, whom mortal passion had consumed by turns, "ineffably tender," "superbly passionate," yet reared in private life the white walls of an impregnable indifference to sex or love, she confesses to a past beside which that of most unfortunates would look white indeed. And making the confession to her lover whom she loves, she admits that she would not willingly have missed one shade of its vileness, since by doing so she might also lose some of the splendour of her art. Margarethe's satiety, the development of her genius, the dawn of the great love that floods the empty places of life between the triumphs are most dramatically told. And the young Englishman who loves her is himself adorable, and their mutual love too rare for any finale less exalted than that it finds. So much of the action is around the foot-lights, to passionate accompaniments, that an air of the grand manner broods over the story. This world of brilliant achievement in art and song and love, with its matchless prima-donna is just held within normal spheres by one or two clever portraits: an American mother, an old German Princess, and a patrician Englishwoman. But the book is written with a vitality and conviction which will stimulate quite blasé novel readers to enthusiasm.

**"The Mystery of the Green Heart."**By MAX PEMBERTON.  
(Methuen.)

The West owes much to the East, and nowhere is the debt more obvious than in stories of crime and its pursuit. Strip the brutal or the mean motive of its squalid headlines in the papers dress it in the subtler methods of symbol, suggestion, and mysticism, and the old played-out human greed grows young and handsomely sinister. A perfume, a flower, or a jewel are so much prettier than bottles of poison or rope. "The Mystery of the Green Heart" is adorned with this Eastern grace, for the Heart is of jade, and China and Egypt contribute to the mystery. Roumania adds a magnificent princely hero, an inventive genius on whose word Europe waits; he has a silver voice, and is surrounded by adoring ladies. One of these comes by her death, and though it ill befits to raise the veil here, Mr. Pemberton is no novice, and can be trusted to miss no thrills. There are nearly as many thrills as chapters, from the launch of a magical torpedo at Sheerness to the appearance of the Green Heart in Reading Court.

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